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Marlene as a Coal-miner's Daughter

In Universal's latest film, *Pittsburgh*, which is due in this country very shortly, Marlene Dietrich is starred as Josie "Hunk" Winters, daughter of a coal-miner, who, in an attempt to get away from the squalor of her birthright, goes into partnership with a crooked mine manager. In trying to escape the hot-blooded attention of two admirers (Randolph Scott and John Wayne), Hunk is involved in a lift accident, while the two men, down in the mine, fight for the girl they both love. The script of the film is a familiar one to Marlene fans. Once again Marlene is a cabaret singer by night and is thus given the opportunity to discard the workaday clothes of a coal-miner's daughter and put on the glitter and glamour which has become synonymous with the name of Dietrich



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Warning

SEVERAL Ministers have been at pains to warn us that 1943 will be a grim year. Some prophesy that we shall "break in" on Europe, others forecast greater hardships, and Lord Woolton hints at the possibility of bread rationing. Obviously this is a new policy line to offset increasing optimism. The Government cannot afford to allow any slackening of the war effort at this time. Behind this new policy one can see that the Government regard 1943 as the year of climax. Wisely they are insisting that we should exert the last ounce of our strength. Hitler is doing the same, but unfortunately for him he is not in our position. He has no reserves on which he can call. He has worn down German morale to its lowest limits, and in plundered Europe there is discontent at the failure of the promised New Order, and signs of open revolt in the Balkans. The pity is that the Balkan States are not strong enough now to do anything but resist passively any further demands made on them by the Germans. Their strength, which was never great because before the war Britain and France failed to make them strong when they had the opportunity, has been sapped by Hitler. Their plight is now grave.

Another Lesson

PIERCING the political mists over North Africa one can perceive another lesson to be learned. It is not a new lesson, for the British experienced it in Crete. The lesson is that it is useless embarking on a military campaign until all is ready. Man-power alone is not sufficient, nor are bold plans and bolder words. Courage is not sufficient, for in such circumstances it can be quickly sapped and soon there is a heavy

overdraft on the capacity of mere men. Mr. Churchill knew this lesson from hard experience, and we saw that he had learned it well when he allowed General Alexander and General Montgomery to build up the Eighth Army patiently before they struck at Rommel. The Americans ought now to have learned the same lesson, which is so obvious in contrasting the Libyan campaign and that in North Africa. We have progressed by "trial and error" to quote the Prime Minister's phrase, which I notice President Roosevelt used in his address to the Seventy-Eighth Congress of the United States. I should have thought that British experience would have been a sufficiently detailed blue print for anybody to have followed in this war, if they wished to avoid mistakes. The full force of public disappointment in the North African campaign has not yet been felt. But it will be, unless there is some drastic change for the better.

Russian Offensive

IT is to be expected that Premier Stalin is disappointed at the trend of events in North Africa. General Montgomery's part in the African war was fulfilled with such great promise. Undoubtedly this early success gave added stimulus to the winter offensive launched by the Russians. In their demand for a second front last autumn, the Russians requested that the Allies should do their utmost to cause the withdrawal of anything between forty and seventy divisions from the Russian front. We now know why Premier Stalin wanted this. The hold-up in North Africa has delayed the Allied attempt to compel Hitler to withdraw any large number of divisions. I think we should take these facts into account when we



Janet Jevons

Captain Sherbrooke, V.C., D.S.O., R.N.

As Senior Officer of destroyers escorting an important convoy, Captain Robert St. V. Sherbrooke, by his courage, coolness and fine leadership, though seriously wounded, brought the convoy safely through violent enemy attacks. He has been awarded the V.C.

judge the Russian situation, and their possible future reaction. It is significant that Mr. Harold Ickes announced the other day that President Roosevelt has given instructions that henceforward Russia is to have priority in delivery of war supplies from the United States. There is no secret that the Americans have been well behind in their war deliveries to Russia which were promised. M. Litvinov, the Russian Ambassador in Washington, has told the people of America that Anglo-American supplies have played their part in recent Russian successes. The question arises, however, how long can the Russians continue their drive against the Germans? We must be prepared for a slackening of the pace in the near future. It will be a miracle if this slackening does not occur soon. Clearly, Hitler is now compelled to extricate himself as best he can, and the withdrawal of German troops indicates that he is planning a stronger defensive line farther back. It would be a great strain on the Russians, who nevertheless have achieved so many military surprises, to pack sufficient punch in their future blows over lengthening lines of communication.

Parliament Back

PARLIAMENT is back at work after the Christmas recess with some of the critics seeking to follow the example of their counterparts in the Congress of the United States. There's going to be a lot of political sniping in the next few weeks, but Mr. Churchill's position is stronger than ever. The Gallup poll, organised by the *News Chronicle*, shows that his popularity was never higher at any time, nor were the criticisms of the public fewer. This doesn't mean that there cannot be a change all of a sudden. We are on the crest of a wave, in spite of the unhappy position in Tunisia, and there may be further setbacks which must react on Mr. Churchill. Fortunately, he is full of confidence and in extremely good health. Above all, he knows better than anybody else how to handle the House of Commons.



Polish Air Aces Decorated in London

Air Vice-Marshal H. W. L. Saunders congratulated Pilot Officer Henryk Pietrzak and Flying Officer Dzislaw Langhamer, the two Polish pilots who brought down the 500th and 501st enemy aircraft to fall to the Poles. They were decorated in London by the Polish President, Pietrzak receiving the Virtuti Militari, the highest Polish award, and Langhamer a second bar to the Cross of Valour

Chinese Treaty

MORE than ten years ago Britain was prepared to surrender her extraterritorial rights in China. It was realised that these were an anachronism in this modern world and in a



Lt.-Col. Roosevelt, D.F.C.

Lt.-Colonel Elliott Roosevelt, Commander of a U.S. Air Force Photographic Unit, was awarded the D.F.C. for personal participation in many photographic flights, with complete disregard for his personal safety. He is the President's second son



W/Cdr. P. H. Cribb, D.S.O., D.F.C.

An officer with an outstanding record as a captain of aircraft, Act. W/Cdr. Cribb was recently awarded the D.S.O. for the high qualities, consistent keenness and fine leadership he has displayed in many sorties against the enemy



A Minister at Home

Sir James Grigg, Secretary of War, and his wife were photographed at their country home during a recent week-end. Sir James became a Minister last February, and M.P. for East Cardiff in April. Lady Grigg is doing secretarial work at the Foreign Office

country which was rousing itself to a new sense of nationalism. At no stage, however, could Britain act alone, as the United States had also great interests in China. It is a happy omen that together we have been able to make the gesture to China and that the negotiations have been carried through comparatively swiftly and with great amiability. In future, Britons in China will be subject to Chinese laws, but their interests and property are safeguarded. After the war a commercial treaty will be negotiated, and we can expect closer relations of mutual benefit if the latest discussions are accepted as a good augury.

Japanese Anxiety

HERE is an interesting development in Axis relations and activities. Apparently the Japanese are frightened at the turn of events in Europe and Russia. They see the certainty of Italy's eventual collapse, and the possibility of Germany being defeated. Therefore they are naturally concerned about themselves. With the collapse of the Axis they see Japan isolated with Britain and America at her throat. This spectre has so appalled the war lords in Tokyo that they are taking more interest in the preservation of the Axis than ever before. Japanese diplomats are said to be running to and fro between Rome and Berlin with great alacrity. Their object is to keep the Axis going at all costs. Hitler may smile at these attempts, although in his extremity he can't afford to ignore them. Up to now the Japanese have not been good Axis partners. Hitler knows that, like Italy, Japan jumped into the war when she thought the kill was going to be easy and the profits large. It is the confirmed opinion of experts that Japan did not consult Hitler before she attacked in the Far East. She acted alone. Now she wants to keep the Axis facade safe to hide her own problems.

President's Position

EVEN his enemies declared that President Roosevelt's speech at the opening of the Seventy-Eighth Congress was the greatest he has ever made. Those who heard it in this country must have been impressed by the manner as well as the matter of the speech.

In judging President Roosevelt's capacity—

and none can doubt that he will rank among the greatest of all American presidents—one must think of the vastness of the United States. President Roosevelt is the leader of over 120,000,000 people, twice as many as Hitler led in Germany proper when he ascended to power. But Hitler, like Stalin, quickly acquired the powers of a dictator. President Roosevelt has remained a democratic leader of a vast democratic organisation. He is promised increased political difficulties with his new Congress, but clearly he is not appalled by this fact. The tenor of his great speech showed that he is ready to negotiate any difficulties which may

arise by the use of "sweet reasonableness."

Condolences

I WAS sorry to see that Lt. Richard Wood, third and youngest son of Lord Halifax, had been seriously maimed in the Middle East by the amputation of both legs. This is the second blow Lord and Lady Halifax have suffered in this war. Their second son, Capt. Peter Wood, was killed in the Middle East last October. Their eldest son, the Hon. Charles Wood, had been serving in the Middle East since the early days of the war. This must be a heavy blow to one who has served his country away from his home and children for so long.



Three British Admirals Decorated by King Haakon

Admiral-of-the-Fleet the Earl of Cork and Orrery, Vice-Admiral Sir John Cunningham, Fourth Sea Lord, and Admiral-of-the-Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, First Sea Lord, were decorated a short time ago in London by King Haakon of Norway, who awarded them the Grand Cross of St. Olaf

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Three Films

By James Agate

TH E You-be-damned-ness of the English became in the course of time a superiority-complex. Being a nation polite in heart if not in manner, we naturally express that complex in terms of diffidence. Hence the reticence and understatement of films like *In Which We Serve*. In the case of our good friends the Americans the thing works the other way round. We like to think we have been independent for 877 years come next Christmas Day. The fact that American independence is only 167 years old come next fourth of July, and that our friends are conscious of this, has bred an inferiority complex which naturally enough takes the form of brag and bounce. "World, I come!" says the American marine in *Wake Island (Plaza)* on leaving the service and proposing to go back to civil life. But he does nothing of the kind, since Japan chooses that very moment to bomb Pearl Harbour.

I FOUND this film extraordinarily moving. The camera work is magnificent, there is no messing about with art, this is a tale of simple heroism simply told, and the scene of the marine's burial, in which the service is read by the youngest and rawest recruit, is a model of how direct pathos should be handled. Excellently acted by Brian Donlevy and an all-male cast, since this film is quite deliriously free from feminine allure, the visiting plane containing no more than its strict complement, with nobody's sweetheart stowed away in the tail. Indeed, if Hollywood continues to make films as good as this, we shall be justified in thinking that he or she or it has started to grow up.

HURRAH! Hollywood has got a new "angle." For *Casablanca* (Warner's) is all about refugees. The subject is not of startling novelty to me, since I live in South Hampstead. The film, however, does not restrict itself to Austrians talking with the accent of Miss Bergner, but envisages all nations, races and colours, either struggling to escape from their

homeland or to get back to it. Indeed, at times it is a little difficult to unravel all the complications of these Nazis, anti-Nazis, Americans fleeing from America, Americans wanting to fly to America, French inclining to Vichy, and Free French fighting for a France worthy of return. Then we have a Swedish lady, an Italian gentleman, a negro, a Dutchman, and a French croupier, all sorts and conditions of men and women.

IT was a fine morning, the daytime counterpart of nightingales were singing in Leicester Square, and for once your humble servant felt inclined for a good, exciting film. And here it was. What a jolly place is Casablanca, which really exists: my trusty gazetteer goes so far as to place it in French Morocco. A jolly place, I repeat, though not to be recommended to people in search of a rest-cure, as the streets are shown to be permanently crowded with multilingual chattering, and every five minutes someone gets shot, or a bar is broken up, or an aeroplane swoops down. But lively—*corpo di Bacco*, likewise *caramba*, is all I can say. As for the monde, the demi-monde and the sous-monde which assemble at Rick's American Bar, I have not seen such an interesting medley since the good old Paris days. At one table several loud Nazi officers; at another, the French chief of police, an underground Liberator, his wife, and a few spies. A negro band with a gifted coloured singer (Dooley Wilson) crooning nostalgic spirituals. A French singer trolling the Marseillaise while the Nazis bawl *Die Wacht am Rhein*. Tight-lipped ladies disapproving of the loose-living ladies, jutting, strutting, whirling and twirling.

BEHIND all these, watching with beetling and saturnine brows, sits, lounges, paces the fearsome Rick, crossed in love but ashamed to admit it, cynical and contemptuous. And, you rightly guess, reader, what a part for Humphrey Bogart. Baby (if I may be so transatlantically familiar) you've said it! No one could be



"The Vanishing Virginian" (Empire)

Frank Morgan, as Capt. Bob Yancey, and Spring Byington, as Rosa, his wife, give sincere and moving performances in this film of family life, directed by Frank Borzage, from a screen play by Jan Fortune. It is the simple love story of a man who enjoyed the confidence and love of his neighbours and worshipped his wife and their five children—the perfect antidote to war

better than Bogart: that is, when he is allowed to remain Bogart, and is not compelled by a ruthless director to kiss, slobber and goo-goo in a manner which, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve. Let this talented actor stick to his thugs and his gangsters: the Romeos and the Tristrams are not for him.

AND the story? You wouldn't be very much interested if I told you, it's all so old: all about spies, and Nazis, and shootings, and A loving B, and B loving both A and C, and B willing to go off with A, whereupon A sacrifices B to C. All as old as the hills. But the thing is exceedingly well done, and not once during the two hours' length of the film did I fidget in my chair. I liked the acting. I liked the Veidt-ish German major of Conrad Veidt. I liked the Lorresque Italian crook of Peter Lorre. I liked the insouciant French police chief of Claude Rains. The only female part of any importance is played by Ingrid Bergman, who is a sonsy lass and will be brilliant as soon as she has started to act. In a word, folks: Go and see *Casablanca*.

STILL in the best of tempers I visited the cosy M-G-M Theatre to see *The Vanishing Virginian*. This film is not, as you might suppose, the result of some illusion by an American Maskelyne or Devant, but a little saga of the family of the Yanceys, a breed of fine old American gentlemen (and ladies) going back as far as the dark ages which preceded Prohibition, and taking us up to—no, not to the war, heaven be praised—to the time when, in the late twenties, Robert Yancey, who is played with vim and verve by excellent Frank Morgan, appears as a living, smiling and prancing old dear of over seventy. I take it that this film is genuine biography, as the book on which it is based is by Rebecca Yancey Williams: so I shall only say that this is the film for those who like a simple, domestic story with the family ever increasing until the last scene reminds one of the last chapter of Zola's *Fécondité* where grandpa is surrounded by some two hundred of his descendants. This picture is particularly recommended to people of weak nerves, since nothing whatever happens in it from beginning to end. And for those of the tribe of Deanna there is a daughter who breaks out into high B's and C's on the slightest provocation. And there is, of course, our dear old friend, the unjustly accused negro.



The Historic Defence of Wake Island (Plaza)

Macdonald Carey, Robert Preston and Brian Donlevy take part in the film record of the heroic and historic defence of this small island in the Pacific against overwhelmingly superior Japanese forces. The defence of Wake Island by a handful of United States Marines is frequently referred to by President Roosevelt as one of the proudest moments of American Marine history. The film is an authentic record based on material from the Marine Corps archives



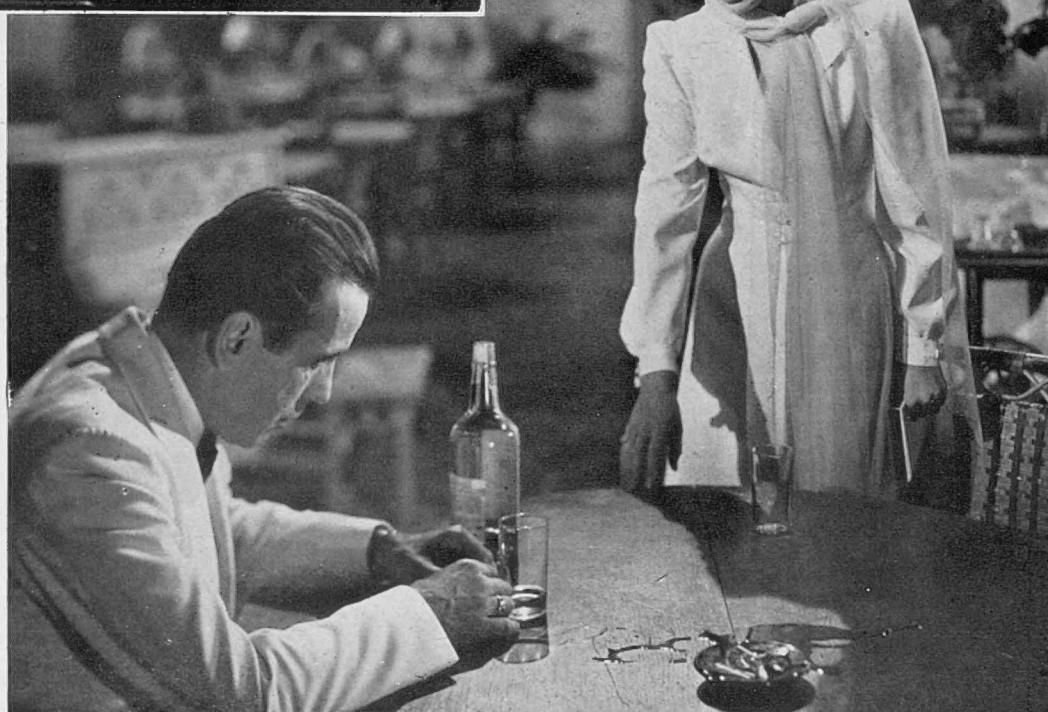
Victor Laszlo (Paul Henreid), head of the vast underground movement in Europe, arrives in Casablanca with his wife, Ilsa (Ingrid Bergman) hoping to obtain visas for Lisbon. His plans are frustrated by Captain Heinrich Strasser of the Third Reich (Conrad Veidt) and Captain Louis Renault, Prefect of Police (Claude Rains)

Ilsa seeks help from Rick (Humphrey Bogart), the man she loved in Paris before the German invasion, and who now, disappointed in the great love affair of his life, runs a gambling-house in Casablanca

Casablanca, now at Warner's Theatre and the Regal, is reviewed by James Agate this week. The scene is set in French Morocco in the year 1941. Casablanca is crowded with refugees seeking visas which will take them to Lisbon and the Americas. Among these refugees is a young couple, Paul Henreid and Ingrid Bergman, who are wanted by the Gestapo. Local chief of the Gestapo is Conrad Veidt, local Prefect of Police Claude Rains. Peter Lorre demonstrates an effective method of disposing of unnecessary Germans, and Humphrey Bogart finds time amidst his more customary gangster activities to prove himself a faithful and understanding lover. A fine cast in a film which gives splendid entertainment

MOROCCO AGAIN

This Time an Exciting Melodrama
Sans Crosby and Sans Hope
against a Background of Spies
and Refugees in Casablanca



Rick, seeking to help Ilsa, visits the Prefect of Police (Claude Rains). Rick has two passports which he intends to give Victor and Ilsa, but meantime he has to procure the release of Victor from prison, where he has been thrown by Strasser following the discovery that he is a concentration camp escapee



Rick tricks Renault into ordering the release of Victor. Rushing to the airport, he gets Victor and Ilsa away before the arrival of Strasser. Strasser is shot by Rick. An army of gendarmes are on the spot immediately, led by Renault, who gives the order to round up "the usual suspects." Rick leaves the airfield in Renault's company

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Romance of David Garrick
(St. James's)

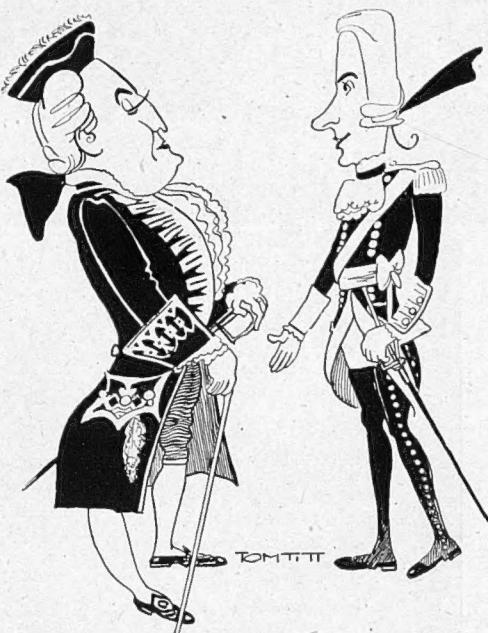
YOUNG actors, who take their profession at least as seriously as they take themselves, are sometimes conscious of the classics, and aspire to play the classic roles. Circumstances, however, not only alter cases, but are apt to thwart ambitions. The theatre, too, is not an academy of art but a business concern in which young actors are less independent than contributory factors; and first-rate productions of the classics are rare. By force of character, luck, or outstanding gifts, a few may so master circumstances as to become free to choose their parts; but such independence is exceptional, and seldom achieved until youthful ideals have crystallised into complacency.

What, you may ask, have these truisms to do with the play under review; this new edition of a Victorian costume piece that never was, nor is likely to become, a classic? Only this, that the young actor-manager who presents it and plays its hero, promises to follow it with *King Lear*.

Mr. Donald Wolfit is young, justly ambitious, and has the future still before him. (Not that his past is without enterprise or achievement.) He has something like a passion for Shakespeare

and easy take-off this unpretentious comedy affords.

Mrs. Cox has based her play on Robertson's *David Garrick*, which he, in his turn, adapted from the French. She handles her narrative neatly, and her dialogue is happily free from



The Hon. Edward Farrer receives the challenge of David Garrick to a duel (Patrick Crean, Richard Barry, Lyndhurst as Captain Barry)

(Left) David Garrick meets the lady of his heart and finds she is none other than the one he has sworn to deceive (Donald Wolfit and Rosalind Iden)

(Below) The purse-proud Simon Ingott (Eric Adeney) finds his hands full in the home of David Garrick (Iris Russell as Kitty Clive, Clare Harris as Mrs. Pritchard)



and has played, with distinction, several of the leading Shakespearean roles, including those opposites, Hamlet and Falstaff. He has also done sound service to such other old masters as Ben Jonson and Ford. But Apollo's bow is not always bent. And in comparison with *Lear*, *The Romance of David Garrick* may be said to bear to that great play something of the same relation that an actor, in his private capacity, might bear to that tragic king. Mr. Wolfit is probably under no illusion as to the respective merits of plays and parts. In presenting *Garrick* he may have wished to give variety to his repertory, to exercise his versatility, to enlist popular support for his present season at the St. James's, or to approach the tremendous demands of *Lear* by way of the relatively light

Wardour-tawdry. Though there is a flourish of swords in the third act, and a well-fought duel favours the hero, the gentlemen do not conversationally "stab their vitals," or abuse the snuff-box; nor do the ladies flourish incontinent fans, preface their remarks with "La!" or overdo the vapours. These are virtues in eighteenth-century pastiche.

The hero's part was a favourite with Sir Charles Wyndham who, by the way, resembled Garrick in physique no closer than does Mr. Wolfit. The story of the play, which now has a happy ending, is probably not unknown to you. It tells of the infatuation of a rich merchant's daughter for the famous actor, whom she has seen and heard only in professional action, and from the anonymity of a theatre box. Her purse-proud, peppery father has arranged a marriage for her with a profligate scion of the nobility; and since her secret passion for Garrick threatens that arrangement, he enlists the actor's help in curing her of it. Amused by the old man's blustering simplicity, Garrick good-naturedly consents, and invites father and daughter to his house. The cure takes the form of a ribald charade played by Garrick and some of his stage colleagues, whom he takes into the secret. And when the rapturous innocent arrives, expecting Hamlet's graces and Romeo's fire, she is plunged into a rout of women, wine, and cards, with the actors playing their parts with bravura.

Though shocked and disillusioned, her dreams die hard. But the cure is only a partial success; for Garrick himself is smitten. Too late to stop the charade, and too conscientious to explain it away, he recognises in the romantic unknown the shy admirer of the theatre box, who he has observed but failed to trace. This belated discovery and its consequences defer the happy ending until the duel has exposed the quondam fiancé, confirmed true love and given history its histrionic coup de grace, and the curtain its pre-nuptial cue.

So much for the story, to which the acting is not uncomplimentary. Mr. Wolfit may find little in the role of Garrick that is not explicit in the text, or that excites him to transcend it. He speaks with feeling a well-written apologia for the actor's art, and his Shakespearean echoes ring true. To the raptures and rebuffs of the girl, Miss Rosalind Iden brings eager graces; and the period stars who abet Garrick's stratagem do credit to the costumer and justice to their parts.

It takes all sorts to make a repertory, one of whose virtues is that it can offset this transient make-believe with the eternal verities of *Lear*.



Sketches by
Tom Titt

You Have Been Warned!

"The Drunkard," by the Arts Theatre Club, Paints the Evils of Drink in the Lurid Colours of Victorian Melodrama



Double Exposure to Temptation

The photographer emphasises the dangers of drink by double exposure. The hero (Wilfred Fletcher), by now in the final stages of degradation, is unable to resist the temptation of draining the bottle to the last drop.



The Proposal

The hero proposes marriage to the young and innocent village maiden (Mags Jenkins)

Produced by Mr. Harold Scott, who used to run the Cave of Harmony and, with Miss Elsa Lanchester, started the fashion for Victorian bathos, *The Drunkard* is now being presented at the Arts Theatre Club. It is one of those deeply underlined moral dramas which seem to produce in otherwise respectable audiences an uncontrollable desire to taunt and to prompt, to hiss and to cheer. According to Mr. Ernest Short's recently published *Theatrical Cavalcade*, a burlesque version of this play has been running in a Los Angeles side-street for ten years without interruption, registering 2,440 performances and the longest run in theatrical history. Movie stars, among them W. C. Fields, have seen it twenty times without exhausting their delight in the play.

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



An Old Tragedy Brought to Light

William Dowton (Donald Masters), staunch friend of the hero, introduces his poor, half-crazed sister (Phyllis Morris), driven out of her wits by the villain's machinations



"A Little Spirit Hurts No Man"

Encouraged by the villain (David Bird), the hero starts his unhappy descent to squalor and the final penalty of delirium tremens. Meanwhile, the villain is attempting to seduce the hero's wife, starving in her lonely garret



The lowest taverns in the town become our hero's familiar haunts. His wife and child are destitute. Loose associations with evil women bring their fearful consequences. In drunken frenzy he forges a cheque on the Mechanic's Bank. All seems lost



Finally, our dying hero is whipped out of the very jaws of death by a kindly gentleman (Alex Clunes) who persuades him, in the presence of wife and psalm-singing daughter, to sign the pledge. Final curtain is on the inspiring note, "There is hope for the drunkard, thank God"

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Racing Hopes

HOPES of victories for the King's colours this coming season are high in the Royal Stables. Captain Moore, manager of His Majesty's thoroughbred stud, was saying the other day. It is, of course, too early to say whether there is a potential Derby winner among the horses Fred Darling has in training for the King, but the presence of likely runners carrying the blue and scarlet and gold in the thinned-out field of wartime adds a lot to the general interest of racing. Although His Majesty, like most other owners, is far too busy these days to be able to spend much time watching his entries, he nevertheless keeps a pretty close eye on the running of his thoroughbred strings, and both his manager and trainer freely acknowledge that the distinct improvement in the standing and prospects of the Royal entries last year and this are the direct result of the "weeding-out" process which the King set in motion shortly after coming to the Throne. Although the sport may not be one of His Majesty's major interests as it was for both his father and grandfather, he has one Turf ambition—so nearly achieved last season—the winning of the Derby.

The Queen's Legacy

THERE is not much chance of our seeing the Queen wearing the lovely gems she has been left by Mrs. "Ronnie" Greville, at least until after the war. Her Majesty has worn very little jewellery since the war began, and apart from the exquisite and perfectly graded pearls which she wears constantly—believing perhaps in the old tale that pearls "die" when they are locked away—the diamond maple-leaf brooch which was a gift from the people of Canada at the end of the Royal visit to the Dominion, and the regimental badge-brooch of the Black Watch, also in diamonds, a gift from the officers to their Colonel-in-Chief, most

of her other pieces are in safe storage till the end of hostilities.

Her new collection—every item of it is well known to the Queen from the days when Mrs. "Ronnie" used to delight her by showing her the historic Eugenie emeralds and other stones—is likely to be put away as soon as the jewellers have finished checking and cleaning. Princess Elizabeth may be given some of the smaller pieces by her mother, perhaps for her seventeenth birthday in April.

Down on the Farm

VISCOUNTESS FURNESS is spending some of her time these days down at her new country home in Herefordshire. She was able to get it all ready to spend the holidays there with her two children by her second husband, the late General F. W. L. S. H. Cavendish. She calls the place "just a farm," and it certainly possesses a cow and a pig, and an orchard. Her young family consists of her son, Caryll, who is at Eton, and her daughter, Patricia, who wants to go into the W.A.A.F. when she is old enough, but she will have to wait till she is eighteen in June. Meanwhile she works diligently with the W.V.S. at a canteen near Victoria Station. Another son, Roderick Cameron, is serving in the U.S.A. Army in America, for his father was an American.

Lady Furness was thinking of letting her London house in Lees Place and living in one of the two flats which she owns in Curzon Street, but now that both of these are let she will probably stay on at Lees Place. Lees Place used to be a mews once upon a time, but some years before the war it was completely reconstituted and charming houses built where once there had been stables. The Hon. Evelyn and Mrs. Fitzgerald had one, and the house which Lady Furness owns is very compact and attractive. The dining-room has the advantage of having the wall outside its window



Bertram Park

Engaged

Miss Maureene Deuchar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Deuchar, of Inchdura, North Berwick, is to marry Major Leslie John Stevens, R.A.S.C., son of the late Mr. P. H. Stevens and Mrs. Marjorie Stevens. She is in the V.A.D.

painted in oils by Lady Furness to represent a garden. She is quite an accomplished artist, and has devised a charming landscape vista for anyone having a meal there.

Back in London

VISCOUNT and Viscountess Tavistock are now seen in and round Town, as they have settled down in their house in Wilton Street. The new house has been made quite charming by its attractive hostess—who is a very good housekeeper—and Lady Tavistock's bedroom, with its aquamarine blue and peach-pink colour scheme, with bathroom en suite, is one of the prettiest rooms in the house.

The basement is not being used, as the kitchen is on the ground floor; the old dining-room is now a sitting-room and the back sitting-room the dining-room. Upstairs, the drawing-room that was the day nursery for three-year-old

(Continued on page 74)



Princesses' War Savings

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret bought the two first savings certificates of the new £1 issue, which is now available to the public. The Princesses, dressed alike, signed their certificates, side by side, at the local savings centre



Mr. Churchill in Plaster

Mrs. Clare Sheridan, the well-known sculptress, has recently completed a bust of Mr. Churchill. Mrs. Sheridan, who is a cousin of the Prime Minister, worked every morning in a corner of his room at No. 10, Downing Street



Major Anatole Litvak, the Russian-born Hollywood film director who made "Mayerling" and "This Above All," has just arrived in London from Morocco. His latest film, a documentary called "Prelude to War," is now being shown in this country. Major Litvak is serving with the Special Services Film Unit of the U.S. Army



Gertrude Lawrence, star of the American presentation of "Lady in the Dark," which is now touring the United States, spends vacations at her cottage on Cape Cod. Ardent worker for the troops, whether in New York—at the Stage Door Canteen Club—or at home, Gertrude Lawrence recently auctioned the turban she is seen wearing and her boots to raise money to help provide a mobile entertainment unit which is now making the rounds of lonely Army and Navy outposts



Flora Robson is appearing on Broadway in the new John Van Druten-Lloyd Morris comedy, "The Damask Cheek." It is her third New York engagement following Ellen Creed in "Ladies in Retirement," and the Duchess of Marlborough in "Anne of England"

Theatre Personalities at Home and Overseas

News of Stage and Screen Stars from London,
New York, Cape Cod and The Rock



Madame Maisky attended a performance of "The Petrified Forest," at the Globe Theatre, given in aid of the Fund which provides Medical Aid for Russia. Nearly £1200 was collected. With Madame Maisky above are Owen Nares, Constance Cummings (who organised the show) and Hartley Power, together with other members of this fine cast

Swaebe



"**Christmas Party**" is being presented twice nightly at Gibraltar's Theatre Royal at prices which range from threepence to a shilling. Among the well-known stage personalities who are giving their services free to Ensa are Beatrice Lillie, Elizabeth Welch, Jeanne de Casalis, Edith Evans and Phyllis Stanley

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Lord Howland, with the back part as his night nursery. Robin, as he is called, is a lovely child, and promises to be as tall as father. He has recently been made the proud owner of a real beaver coat, in which he looks quite enchanting with a tricorne hat. Lord Tavistock, who joined up as a private, has been invalided out of the Coldstream Guards, after having double pneumonia, and is now making plans for a career. So far he is undecided between one or two propositions. He is interested in politics, and likes going to the House of Lords to hear debates. This is just as well, as one day he will be one of London's biggest ground landlords, inheriting the Bedford estates, which include so much of West Central London. Many of the streets there bear witness to this ownership, with their names of Bedford, Tavistock, Howland and Russell, for Russell is the family name.

Digging for Victory

THE growing demand for people to grow more food in this country, to save our shipping space, has had a wonderful response amongst our women, and more and more of them are farming really seriously. One of the first to take up this form of war work was Lady Mary Dunn, the pretty little wife of Philip Dunn, son and heir of Sir James Dunn, and the only daughter of the late Earl of Rosslyn. Lady Mary, who has two little daughters, went to an agricultural college at the outbreak of war and studied the whole thing thoroughly, and is now running her own farm most successfully. I hear her sister-in-law, Mrs. Higginson (Kit Dunn that was), is helping her.

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell is another producing food for her country; she is farming in Hampshire, and employs Land Girls, whom, she told me, she finds very good indeed. Though this is an arable county, she goes in for cows, pigs and chickens as well. Mrs. Bethell's only daughter, Nefertari, is married to Mr. James Innes, who is in the Coldstream Guards. Lord Westbury, her elder son, is in the Middle East, and her younger son, the Hon. David Bethell, is in the Scots Guards.

Mrs. Jaffray, wife of Major Dick Jaffray, Master of the Zetland Hounds, is yet another who has taken up farming, and is turning the land at their home in Yorkshire to good account while her husband has been fulfilling his military duties, though luckily he is not



Dining Out in London

A recent foursome in a London restaurant were the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt (formerly Zara Mainwaring), Lady Jane Nelson, Captain the Hon. Ronald Strutt and Captain T. F. Blackwell. Captain Strutt is Lord Belper's eldest son, and is in the Coldstream Guards. Lady Jane Nelson is a sister of the ninth Duke of Grafton

Swabbe

stationed too far away, and can get home to help at times. The Jaffrays go in for pedigree cattle and sheep, and cultivate a big acreage, so Mrs. Jaffray has her hands full. Their only son, Peter, has just left Eton and is going to help his mother farming until he goes into the Army. Major Jaffray is heir to his brother, Sir William Jaffray, who lives in Warwickshire, as does his sister, who is the wife of Sir Charles Wiggan.

Mrs. Michael Bearly helps her husband farm in Wiltshire; she has become an expert on a tractor, and has worked many acres herself with this machine. She had several hundred very fine-growing cabbages to her credit this year.

Knights of the Round Table

THE ancient ceremonies and rituals which formed so great a part of London's life in peacetime are now, through the exigencies of war, very few and far between. At the May Fair last week, however, the Knights of the Round Table and the Knight President, the Rt. Hon. Viscount Finlay, gave a small lunch-party in honour of our North Sea Allies. The guest of honour of the Knights was H.R.H. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, who, in the presence of the Belgian Ambassador, the Norwegian Ambassador, the Dutch Ambassador and Count Reventlow, the Danish Minister, went through the two-hundred-year-old ceremony of being initiated by Viscount Finlay as Vice-President of the Knights of the Round Table. The Society is over 220 years old, and

Baron Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador, and Count Reventlow paid graceful tribute to Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and to Prince Bernhard's splendid work for the Dutch nation. Guests at the lunch included eighty-year-old Lord Queenborough, as hale and vigorous as ever, Colonel H. Worsley Gough, Sir Stanley Woodwork, the physician, and Sir Charles Hambro.

Big Crowd

THE January party for Allied Officers given by the Welcome Committee of the Overseas League seemed to be more crowded than ever. The guest of honour was the Egyptian Ambassador, and, as might be expected, there was a considerable attendance from those whose countries have fought in the Battle of Egypt. The High Commissioner for Australia and Mrs. Bruce were there, as well as many Australian officers, and Mr. Lall, Deputy High Commissioner for India. Mr. Waterson, the former very popular High Commissioner for South Africa, had hoped to be present, but owing to his imminent departure from this country to take up a Ministerial appointment, he had to cancel at the last moment. There were also a considerable number of South African and New Zealand officers. The Fighting French, the Greeks and the Poles, all of whom fought with such distinction in Egypt, were represented by high officers. Amongst others present were Sir James Grigg (the Secretary of State for War) and Lady Grigg, the Lord

(Concluded on page 88)



At a Party to Meet Officers of the Allied Forces

Swabbe

The Overseas Party, a reception for Allied Officers, was recently given at the Overseas Club. Above is Lord Denham with Lady Moore, wife of Lt.-Colonel Sir Thomas Moore, M.P., and Prince Albert de Ligne, who escaped from Belgium not very long ago

Miss Elizabeth Profumo, Colonel Humphrey Butler and Mr. J. G. Chaldecott were among the guests at the reception, held in the Indian Hall of the Overseas Club. Miss Profumo is a sister of Captain John Profumo, M.P. for the Kettering Division of Northamptonshire



Sir Robert and Lady Watson Watt were at the christening party. He is the inventor of radiolocation



Group Captain Patrick de Laszlo, seen here with his wife and child, is a son of the late Mr. Philip de Laszlo, the famous artist. He married the Hon. Deborah Greenwood in 1940

Damon Patrick de Laszlo is Christened in London

Group Captain and Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo's baby son was christened at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and received the names of Damon Patrick. The godparents were Sir Robert Renwick, the Hon. Mrs. Dudley de Levigne, with Mr. Vincent Massey, High Commissioner for Canada, as proxy for his son, Captain Lionel Massey, who is a prisoner of war. Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo and Mrs. de Levigne are sisters, the daughters of Viscount Greenwood



Sir Robert Renwick was there with his wife and Wing Cdr. Ian Orr-Ewing. Sir Robert was one of the baby's godparents.



Mrs. Philip de Laszlo, the baby's grandmother, was photographed with Mr. Michael Milne-Watson and Commander Stephen King-Hall



Others at the party were F/Lt. P. Ribon, Mrs. John de Laszlo, S/Ldr. John de Laszlo (brother of G/Capt. Patrick de Laszlo), Mrs. Sandy Glen and Mr. Marcus Low



Air Vice-Marshal Tait was a guest at the party held in London after the de Laszlo christening



The Bishop of Chichester officiated at the christening ceremony, and went to the party afterwards. He is seen with another guest

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT New Year Honours List award for a chap who breeds new potatoes might have been accompanied, we thought, by a medal for the Tobacco Combine, which breeds new tobaccos—and what tobaccos!

Potatoes and tobacco, twin gifts of the Renaissance, go naturally together, having come into this country about the same time. The French actually experienced tobacco earlier than we, Jean Nicot, their Ambassador to Portugal, having presented samples of the new herb from Florida to Catherine de Médicis some years before Hawkins brought it into England, as the word "nicotine" for ever records. The Island Race went immediately crazy over smoking, whereas when tobacco got into Russia the Russians thought smoking a filthy trick and cut smokers' noses off; a neat Oriental solution, later adopted by many Victorian Society hostesses.

Remonstrance

HENCE the crimson or purple tint of those tasseled velvet caps and smoking-suits smokers were forced to wear in Victorian country-houses. Many of the more dashing sort, Guardees and so forth, complained to the Government on having their noses sliced. A long, interesting postcard to each victim from Mr. Gladstone, setting forth the grave moral harm involved in smoking or chewing tobacco and pointing out that the Liberal Party derived a great deal of its virtue from total abstinence, was the reply. Finally Mr. Gladstone asked each Guardee, as man to man: "Why do you drench your luxuriant whiskers in Eau de

Cologne, surely a decadent, nay, Byzantine practice?" Lounging on their magnificent tigerskins at the Guards' Club, the Guards were far too exhausted, as Ouida noted, to say anything but "What frightful wot!"

Grin

MONA LISA's smirk is in the news again, we observe. She is one of the stolen Louvre pieces which the Boche will ultimately have to cough up, so the Foreign Office boys assure us on their honour.

Last time that sweetheart was in the headlines, you may recollect, was in the 1900's, when some Freudian maniac cut her from her frame and walked off with her. There was a great bobbery for weeks until she was found in a left-luggage office, if we remember rightly. The most thoughtful solution, offered by one of the smaller, redder Left Wing Paris papers many years later, was that it was a Jesuit plot against the Republic. And then, as now, the Fleet Street boys went into that matter of Mona Lisa's *sourire énigmatique*, quoting that tiresome piece of technicoloured flafla by Pater. "*She is older than the rocks on which she sits. . . .*" Our feeling is that Leonardo da Vinci would have begged Slogger Pater to put a lilac-silk sock in it.

Nothing seems to us less interesting than the Gioconda Smirk. It is known that while Leonardo was at work on her face he employed musicians to soothe her. Maybe the face of one of them reminded her she'd forgotten to order the Gorgonzola for



"As a matter of fact, I usually carry a beef sandwich in the other one . . ."

luncheon. Compare the face of Catulle Mendès, which always reminded Léon Blum of a Roquefort "ripe for parturition," a cheese of which he was very fond.

Challenge

DEEMING it his duty to defend the art of Charles Dickens against cretins who decry that master, one of the critic boys took about 1200 words to say about Dickens what that awful girl Mrs. Dorothy Parker, of New York and Hollywood, once said in four vibrant lines:

Who call him spurious or shoddy
Shall do so o'er my lifeless body;
I heartily invite such birds
To step outside and say those words.

Possibly the same people were in Mrs. Parker's mind when she composed another stark little poem beginning:

If I had a shiny gun
I could have a lot of fun
Pumping bullets through the brains
Of the folks who give me pains.

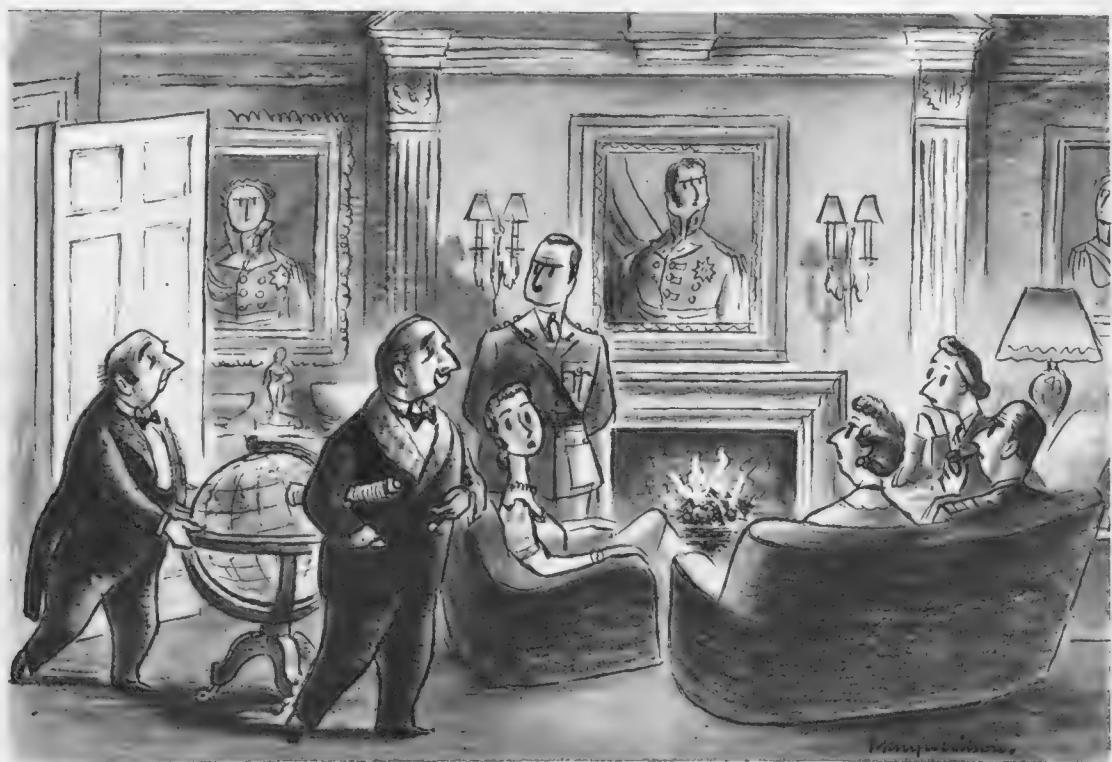
A fierce Old Roedean type, we thought. On meeting Mrs. Parker later we discovered a petite, dewy-eyed, charming, gentle, rather shy girl, with nothing fierce about her except a wistful longing to rid the earth of a few literary and other notables who, when all is said and done, could be easily spared. She didn't know, till we told her, that Barrie once had the same longing and wrote his first book, *Better Dead*, on that very topic. The fairies got Barrie later and he went "soft" on this project. Not so tiny Mrs. Parker, bless her.

Attitude

LIFTING the ban on visits to the Isle of Wight will not thrill the islanders, we guess. They deem the Race and all other foreigners to be trash, relaxing a trifle in Cowes Week, but not much.

This being the attitude of the Race towards the rest of the world, it's a shock to find oneself similarly regarded by the inmates of such a small island. Having studied this embarrassing question

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"Oh, dear! Father's going to advocate another front"



"The Convoy Comes Through," by T. N. Mitchell,
a fourteen-year-old evacuee from Guernsey



"Digging for Victory in 1940," by Elly Feingold, a fifteen-year-old Austrian refugee now at Croydon High School



"Blackpool in Wartime," by Cissie Bauldie, a fourteen-year-old British girl at Claremont Senior Girls' School



"Ploughing the Fields," by Jean Forbes, a sixteen-year-old British girl at Long Dean School



"New Order," by George Herzog, the work of a seventeen-year-old Austrian boy

The War as Seen by Children

Exhibition at the Cooling Galleries

An exhibition of drawings by children ranging in age from three to seventeen is now open at the Cooling Galleries in New Bond Street. It has been arranged by the Civil Defence Artists and the Refugee Children's Evacuation Fund, and is to tour the United States of America at the close of the London view. Contributors are of many different nationalities—British, Chinese, Austrian, French and Czech among them. One room is given over entirely to children's drawings of the war



"Gossip," by Marjorie N. Wattis, a fourteen-year-old British girl at Bedales School



"In the Shelter," by Pamela Thomas. Pamela, who is fifteen years old, is at school at Homelands School, Derby

Standing By ...

(Continued)

on the spot, our conclusion is that contemplation of the Royal Yacht Squadron lawns year by year has led the islanders of Wight to believe that the Race is stuffed with straw and has glass eyes. Some jerky interior mechanism enables it to raise and lower a telescope at regular intervals, and it may also be seen on the deck of yachts, propped stiffly in chairs and gazing into vacancy. Whether it can speak is an eerie question, exploited by Isle of Wight nurses to terrify naughty children.

There's an ancient island folk-legend, full of horror, about one of these tall stuffed figures which suddenly came alive. Having been told this story by a nurse in 1829 (the islanders believe) the Great White Queen fled from the mainland some years later and shut herself up in Osborne. Grown-up islanders pooh-pooh this and treat all interlopers merely as garbage, but on dark nights you can see the unease in their eyes. Hence the Roman name for the island, Vectis, a sissy pronunciation of *victis*, meaning conquered by fear.

Tip

TONS of fish failing to conform to the Min. of Food's minimum length-measurement, nine inches, are being thrown back into the sea off the south-west coast, apparently. It suggests—does it not?—an Academy Picture of the Year.

Rough old fishermen with bowed heads. A broken, aged mother rocking in a chair. A beautiful girl in agony clasping the knees of a glaring Min. of Food inspector, who is holding in one hand a fish exactly 8'955 inches long and a tape-measure in the other. Two Min. of Food alguazils clapping horny hands on the shoulder of her distracted father, who has tried to fool the Ministry to save his daughter's honour. Dawn breaking over grey tumbling waves. Almost any existing Academy seascape 10' by 6' could be adapted to this dramatic purpose. Maybe a few Highland cattle kneedeep in snow could be thrown in as well to give good measure. Maybe every character in the picture could sit on one of them. We must be crazy, putting advanced ideas in Academicians' noggins.

Contretemps

FOR describing the Russian winter the other week as "cold as a County cricketer's kiss" we are rebuked by a naval bloke who says his sister was once engaged five years to a County batsman, both of whose kisses were never much below 42° Fahr. Our conjecture is that maybe this batsman had a dash of Latin blood.

This question crops up, oddly enough, in one of those myriad trials during the great European witchcraft epidemic of the 17th century. Like every other accused witch from the Orkneys to the Basque frontier, Elspeth M'Luckie of Kirriemuir, 45, charged with attending a

witches' coven near Stirling on October 31, 1625, swore that the midnight Stranger's embrace struck a deathly chill. She added that he was dressed entirely in white flannel, with "gey cauld frosty frichtenin' blue e'en," carried a kind of willow stick or club, and wore a "braw cravatt" in what seem to be M.C.C. colours, as yet of course unknown. This gave the Court a shock.

THE PROCURATOR-FISCAL : Ha'e care, Elspeth M'Luckie, thou flichty quean, thou mommet, thou muckle puddock, thou hellicat, ha'e a care.

BAILIE M'QUMPHA : Ye ken fine she was lowpin' wi' the Deil himsel'.

ACCUSED : Na, na, I doot 'twas naethin' but Elder Tamie M'Whaup the warlock.

THE PROCURATOR-FISCAL : Sirs ! Sirs ! She must gang.

Vision

A CLAP of thunder then shook the Court and a tall cool immaculate figure arose at the back, exclaiming: "On giving a decision the umpire should make sure that the batsman understands what the decision is. See also Rule 43," and vanished. By the time the Court recovered the witch had vanished also. A curious case.

Antidote

ADMINISTERING his annual cold douche to the vainglory of centenarians, Auntie Times's Longevity Correspondent has once



"I often wonder, Trubshaw, if we were girls, whether we'd like moustaches or not"

more proved, by the records of 1942, that even those boys can't keep it up for ever.

A chap who once got into a centenarian jamboree by dressing up as Reuter's newest current discovery, an Old Etonian Turk aged 135, tells us that eventually, weary of hearing those aged fops defying the dread angel Death in a shrill falsetto, he asked one of them if he had ever been visited, during his 101 years, by the dread angel Life. He was then ejected. It may be that centenarians keep the boasting up so long and noisily because they secretly hope the Race will present them with an inscribed silver teapot. We're not anti-centenarian; curious as their hobby is, we just think they should receive the Press boys with more humility. Camp after all, live to 200 years and more without making a song about it.

Sink

RECENT bombs, thrown in what the Fleet Street boys described as "an establishment frequented by German soldiers" in Marseilles—evidently a teashop—seem to show that old Greek sink of iniquity does not care for the new order or indeed for any.

Musing once among the thousand-year-old stenchies of the Old Port, we thought how lucky Provence was to have all its wickedness canalised, as it were, crystallised, and collected in Marseilles, leaving the rest of that province an earthly paradise. Marseilles is wicked because it is a seaport and the gate to the Levant, a chap once told us. All seaports are wicked because of sailors, who are also wicked, he said, excepting those of H.M. Navy and our Merchant Marine. The only interest British sailors take in women, he said, is to try to get them enthusiastic about social work. Compare Nelson's Emma, one of the first girl welfare-workers in British industry, which branch we forgot.

D. B. Wyndham Lewi



"The password from 1800 hours will be 'Lollipop'"

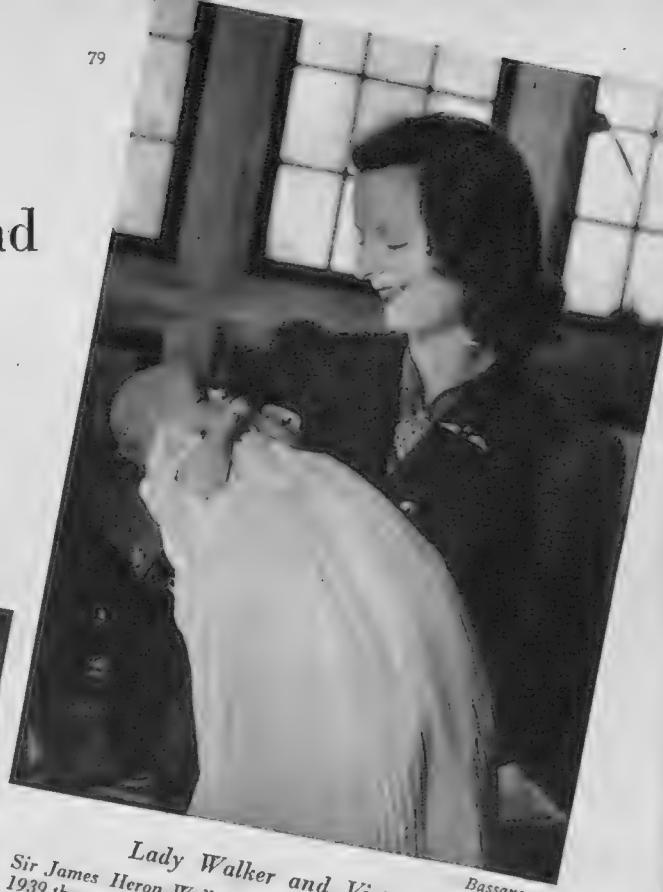
Parents and Their Sons



Lady Barttelot
and Brian

The wife of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Walter de Stopham Barttelot, Bt., Coldstream Guards, of Stopham House, Pulborough, is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Ravenscroft, of The Abbey, Storrington, and her son was born in 1941. There have been Barttelots at Stopham since an ancestor came over with William the Conqueror. At present the family are living in the keeper's cottage on the estate

Marcus Adams



Lady Walker and Victor

Sir James Heron Walker, Bt., Fleet Air Arm, married in 1939 the only daughter of Major V. A. Beaufort, of Georgetown, U.S.A. Their son, Victor Stewart Heron, who was born last October, was photographed with his mother at their Berkshire home, Ringdale Manor, Faringdon

Bassano



Lady Lyell and Charles

Lady Lyell, formerly Miss Sophie Trafford, married Lord Lyell in 1938, and her son, Charles, was born in 1939. Her husband, who is a captain in the Scots Guards, succeeded his father in 1926, while he was still at Eton. Lady Lyell is a daughter of Major Sigismund and Lady Betty Trafford, and is a granddaughter of the seventh Earl of Abingdon



Captain and Mrs. Holdsworth Hunt and Christopher

Captain Peter Holdsworth Hunt, Coldstream Guards, and Miss Monica Nevill were married in 1939. She is the only daughter of the late Commander Ralph Nevill, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Pearson-Gregory, at whose Windsor home this picture was taken. Mrs. Holdsworth Hunt is a niece of Viscount Falkland. Her small son is called Christopher

Bassano



The Brewsters at home in Brooklyn. Teddy (Frank Pettingell), forever blowing the charge on his bugle, thinks he is President Theodore Roosevelt. His Aunts, Abby (Lillian Braithwaite) and Martha (Mary Jerrold), are two dear, kind old ladies with one failing—poisoning lonely old gentlemen with elderberry wine and burying them in the cellar. They take it in turns to read the appropriate funeral service in the dead of night



Narrow escape of yet another potential victim. There are twelve bodies already reposing below-stairs in neatly labelled graves. Mr. Gibbs, homeless and unattached, is offered a glass of the famous elderberry wine. The elderberries grow in the adjoining cemetery

Murder for Fun—Unlimited

"Arsenic and Old Lace" Twists an Orgy of Corpses into a Riot of Laughter—Murder is a Virtue, Insanity a Grace!

This American comedy by John Kesselring, presented by Firth Shephard at the Strand, is still running in New York, after two years. No wonder, for it is the cutest, craziest joke ever woven round the theme of murder as a gentle art. By the time the saintly Brewster sisters have marked down their thirteenth corpse (game and rubber!), you're convinced that poisoning lonely old gentlemen with a dash of arsenic and strichnine in elderberry wine is not only a real kindness, but a moral duty



"Now, who can that be?" is Aunt Abby's classic comment on discovering that the corpse in the chest isn't "one of her gentlemen." This particular body is mad Jonathan's latest victim



The "President" intervenes while Jonathan rough-handles the blonde. He is dressed for an expedition to the Panama Canal—alias the cellar where he buries the bodies, thinking they are victims of yellow-fever



Nephew Mortimer Brewster (Naunton Wayne), blasé dramatic critic, finds little time to make love to his fiancée, the parson's pretty daughter Elaine (Eileen Bennett). There are too many dead bodies about for idle dalliance. The poor girl gets no fun at all

Photographs by John Vickers



The two sisters—"like a couple of Ruth Drapers," as Mortimer marks—prepare for the funeral service as Teddy performs his usual task of carrying the body from the chest to the cellar



Arrival of the crooks—the bogus plastic surgeon, Dr. Einstein (Martin Miller), and his "patient," the homicidal maniac Jonathan Brewster (Edmund Willard). Jonathan looks like Boris Karloff. He claims twelve murders to his credit



Jonathan stages an operation on Mortimer. An Irish policeman (Cyril Smith) saves the situation by recounting the plot of his play at such length that Jonathan goes to sleep from boredom, wakes up and surrenders to the cops



The "doctor," unspotted by the cops, obligingly signs the papers committing Teddy to a mental home. The sisters insist on going too, and the scores are level. Twelve victims to them, twelve to Jonathan. The thirteenth . . .



A School for Paratroops

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

It all depends on how you drop out and how you land. A good exit is "standing to attention on nothing": for a soft landing, keep your feet and legs together. You start your career as a volunteer parachutist at an Airborne Forces School. You learn about your harness and the theory of landing; being dragged through nettles and mud on your stomach teaches you to "spill the wind." Cross-country runs uphill in the rain help to make you tough. You dangle, with a dummy parachute, from a steel tower. Then you go to a Parachute Training School of Army Co-operation Command. Everything is very matey and the R.A.F. instructors are charming supermen. Your first jump is from a cage, attached to a tethered balloon. At dawn the balloon goes up and you come down. As you descend, like a trussed chicken, a calm voice gives you helpful hints through a loud-speaker. Your third jump from a troop-carrier. The engines are noisy and the slipstream is most disconcerting. But the parachutist doesn't mind. Any more volunteers?



The Staff of an R.A.F. O.T.U. Somewhere in England

D. R. Stuart

Front row: Rev. H. W. R. Lillie, S.J., M.A., F/Lt. C. W. Poulter, S/Ldr. J. H. Barrett, G. P. Seymour-Price, P. Fish, Colonel S. Astle, M.C., T.D., Wing Cdr. W. A. Opie, G/Capt. H. M. Massey, D.S.O., M.C., Wing Cdr. A. H. Owen, M.C., S/Ldr. R. J. H. Holland, T. B. Thomson, D.S.C., H. G. Vyse, H. Walters, M.B.E., H. G. Travers, D.S.O., Rev. I. L. K. Jones, M.A. *Second row:* F/Lts. J. E. Carter, N. F. McCullagh, J. E. Rees, J. C. Conway, C. D. Clarke, G. J. Bulman, P/O. J. R. M. Brunton, F/O. H. W. Andrews, F/Lts. S. G. H. Spain, S. C. Bastin, C. H. Wood, F. H. Bowden, C. H. S. Pain. *Third row:* P/O. P. Grant, F/Lt. P. D. Law, F/O. E. T. Downham, P/O. F. W. Bell, F/O. W. J. Jolliffe, P/Os. J. Comar, L. Wardle-Donald, W. F. Mackenzie, F. T. Collins, F/Lt. G. T. Debenham, P/O. G. H. Mears, F/Lt. R. E. Cheeseman, P/O. R. M. Pinkham. *Back row:* F/Os. W. H. Westgate, R. G. S. Weller, P/Os. A. F. Howgate, G. W. Hollingsworth, A. S. Mohan, R. B. Chadwick, F/Lts. A. F. Jones, J. E. Corby, P/Os. W. J. Barrett, R. Shotter, L. W. Hancock, F/Lt. V. C. Jarvis, P/Os. O. N. Thompson, D. E. Gibbs



Officers of a Battalion of the Lincolnshire Regiment

Front row: Lt. B. D. Kime, Capts. L. H. B. Colvin, M. A. Chamberlain, Major A. G. R. Noble, the Commanding Officer, a Senior Officer, Majors J. G. M. B. Gough, E. D. Malpas, Capt. E. E. H. G. Dawson, S. J. Larkin. *Middle row:* Lts. J. R. Bush, P. Smith, Capt. J. N. Ebbutt, Rev. E. L. Seager, G. C. A. Gilbert, P. H. W. Clarke, R. S. Hunter, Lt. E. G. Hill. *Back row:* Lt. D. E. Baptiste, 2nd Lt. A. E. Curnow, Lts. J. Boys, J. O. Barnett, D. J. Kidney, J. Harrod, H. J. Pacey, H. A. N. Mander



Officers of a Training Battalion of the Leicestershire Regiment

Left—front row: Lt. M. W. German, Capt. D. J. L. Wyatt, K. J. Metcalfe, R. C. Coleman, Major K. R. Bowes, the Commanding Officer, Capt. F. R. Dubery, Major M. St. G. Palott, Capt. P. E. B. Badger, W. F. Scott, Rev. P. E. B. Duckworth. *Middle row:* Lts. J. Wishart, R. Carr, F. R. Bond, R. T. O. Birrell, L. S. Nayler, Williams, F. R. Berkeley, Breeds, Fletcher, J. Rodwell, S. Morson. *Back row:* Lts. Pollard, G. Whitely, Bennett, Crittenden, Reidy, Quick, G. D. Weedon, M. C. Peel

Officers of a Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment Somewhere in England

Front row: Capts. H. Kay, A. W. S. Dubber (Adj't.), Majors D. J. Turner, B. Starling, M.C., T.D., the Commanding Officer, Majors J. F. Harris, J. M. Russell, Capt. J. E. Gaston, Lt. (Q.M.) Darby, Capt. V. B. Hatcher. *Second row:* Lts. N. A. C. Hockley, C. P. Sproull, W. F. Graham, W. Epton, 2nd Lt. A. W. M. Harborth, Lts. J. H. K. de W. Denning, C. C. Ellis, J. C. Goodwin, 2nd Lt. H. G. Brown, Lt. I. H. Goodwill, 2nd Lieut. A. C. Jones. *Third row:* 2nd Lts. D. R. Wilson, R. C. Bowie, E. G. Latilla-Campbell, W. L. Horton, E. de G. Whomes, R. Fishwick, W. E. Harrison, E. H. Hogan, A. Hoyle, S. L. Hunter. *Back row:* 2nd Lts. R. A. Haynes, L. E. Norrnan, L. W. MacPherson, W. Johnston, R. C. Stephens, I. W. Rickwood, E. N. G. Bence, B. H. Vardy, J. A. Fiddian



Pictures in the Fine

By "Sabretache"

"The Last Cornet"

My correspondent and the *Leicester Mercury*, whose interesting paragraph he sent me, were apparently both in error as to Major H. H. Robertson-Aikman, formerly 1st Dragoons (The Royals), being the "last cornet in the British Army," and for myself I think that the age of the gallant officer ought to have put me on notice. "K.D.G.", whom I have the honour to know, writes me the following letter :

I am afraid it is not correct to say that Major H. H. Robertson-Aikman (whom I know very well) was the last cornet in the British Army, because he never could have been one. I think I am right in saying that the rank was done away with in 1871. Anyhow, in an Army List of 1878, which was before Major Aikman could have joined, there is no such rank either in Line Cavalry or Household. I think the idea arose from the fact that among his friends at the Cavalry Club, Major Aikman had the nickname of "The Cornet."

I believe you organised the very successful Hog-hunters' Dinner, and so may remember me as late of the K.D.G.s.

That seems to settle how my previous correspondent and the paper were led into error.

Next Wicket?

None of the batsmen who are in at the moment look as if they were really set or at all likely to collar the bowling. There are two matches in progress, and in neither of them are the visiting teams on a good wicket. In both there are new "caps" batting. In one match, Von Zeitzler and Von Hoth are not liking the bowling a little bit : it is coming up much too fast off the pitch to suit their liking. In the other match, the wicket has broken up rather badly, and Rommel, a policeman by trade, is nervously poking at them, whilst his opposite number, Von Nehring, does not seem

to be able to push one past the covers. Everything else quite apart—the very good bowling, the quite super fielding and wicket-keeping—wouldn't you be a bit nervous with the score-board as it is, and the Selection Committee of One in the Pavilion glaring at you through his glasses? But look at this score-board : (1) Blomberg kicked out because Der Verführer des tritten Reich was jealous of him and believed that there was only one man fitted to be the C.-in-C. of Die Wehrmacht ; (2) Von Fritsch shot in the back in action by German troops by order of Der Verführer ; (3) Von Brauchitsch eliminated because he said that the advance on Moscow was idiotic ; (4) Von Halder removed because he told "Von" Hitler that the only sensible thing to do was to retire to the old Polish frontier ; (5) Von Bock (family butcher) and Jodl ignominiously booted because they did not do as they were told—take Stalingrad, amongst other things. A nice list to instil confidence into the four batsmen now at the wicket!

Who Will Go Next?

My bet is on The Traffic Cop, because he was so stupidly insistent upon naming his shot : Alexandria, Cairo, Sheppard's Hotel, the "Mouseholeum of Cheops," the whole of India and Asia! Von Zeitzler, the most recently hand-picked one, may stay, because the street-corner gossip is that he is quite ready to rat and organise a purge on his own account in the opposite direction—i.e., against the Verführer, the Hitler-Himmler Waffen S.S. and even Göbbels. It is quite likely that he would not have much trouble in inducing all the dismissed batsmen in the above list to join in and shove behind, and from little bits and pieces of information vouchsafed to us it is quite possible to believe that the most bemedalled Hog in the whole Sty would be quite ready to



D. R. Stuart

Officers of the A.T.C.

F/Lt. Basil Foster, the well-known actor and sportsman, is staff officer to Sir William Gore Mitchell, D.S.O., M.C. (centre), Commandant of the London A.T.C. With them is F/O. F. J. Lyall, A.T.C., secretary of the Rosslyn Park Football Club

throw in with them the moment he saw that even the 1,000,000 Waffen Bodyguard was not good enough to hold Berchtesgaden.

Grand National Horses in Ireland

ALTHOUGH we are, unhappily, condemned to take merely a detached interest in what the jumpers in Ireland are doing, some recent performances at Leopardstown and elsewhere may be well worth bearing in mind against the return of happier times and the revival of the Grand National at Aintree. That nice horse, Miss Dorothy Paget's Golden Jack, who ran second in last year's Irish Grand National to Prince Regent, Mr. J. V. Rank's champion (12 st. 7 lb.), Golden Jack (11 st. 9 lb.), St. Martin (12 st.), third, was then marked down by the high-class experts in Ireland as just the right type to win over Aintree, and when these gentle-



The First Race Meeting of the Year at Baldyole, Dublin

Marking their cards were Major Michael Gordon-Watson, M.C., Irish Guards, and his wife, formerly Miss Thalia Rosaleen Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon. They were married in December

Lieut. Bryan Andrew Marshall, Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and his wife went racing at Baldyole, while on their honeymoon. She was Deidre Shepherd, daughter of the late J. S. Shepherd, a former Master of the Duhallow Hounds

Aubrey Brabazon, crack Irish jockey, was with Miss Betty Shortiss, after winning the Sutton Hurdle Race on her horse, Coupe. She has had two wins since registering her colours some months ago

Poole, Dublin

men say that, you may take it that they know what they are talking about. Now Golden Jack recently ran second in a three-miles 'chase over Leopardstown, carrying 12 st., to a much-talked-of young horse named Prince Blackthorn (10 st.), who won by eight lengths. That was on Boxing Day. On December 5th, at Naas, Prince Blackthorn (9 st.) ran second to another one they reckon to be pretty smart, Mountain Loch (9 st. 10 lb.), and though he was beaten eight lengths it was counted a nice performance, because he, the winner, and Prince Regent were lying level right up to the second fence from home. The heavy going and the big weight, 12 st. 7 lb., then stopped Prince Regent, but the point to note is that Golden Jack, with only 7 lb. less on his back than Prince Regent, had put up a very good performance against Prince Blackthorn, to whom he was giving 1 st. 12 lb.—a big lump to present to even a bad one. Prince Blackthorn, being now only five, will not be eligible to run in our Grand National for another year, but of his class there cannot be much doubt. We may see him, Prince Regent, St. Martin, Mountain Loch and Golden Jack all go out for the big 'chase at Liverpool in 1944. And now Prince Regent (12 st. 7 lb.) has defeated Prince Blackthorn (10 st. 6 lb.) over the three miles of the Baldoyle course, where the obstacles are far from being "baby" ones. They started level favourites, and Prince Regent won by a neck after a perfectly appallingly fierce contest.

The Indian Front

WE often grouse and grizzle about the inconvenience of the black-out and how it compels us to keep our houses bottled up during the night, but how about Calcutta, Madras and any other place which faces towards the east, from which the dirty little Yellow Toads come? Ever since Japan came into the war these Cities of Dreadful Night have had to be blacked out, and anyone who has ever made their acquaintance during an Indian Hot Weather and knows what the heat is like, even with everything open to all the winds of heaven and buzz fans and all other appliances in full blast, can easily imagine what it is when nothing can be open if a light is burning. I can speak to one place in India where it prefers to be 102 degrees at midnight! Calcutta, and so forth, do not touch that, but nevertheless they



Generals at a Concert in the Western Desert

Lieut.-General Sir Cyril Freyberg, V.C., commanding the New Zealand Expeditionary Force in the Middle East, and General Sir Bernard Montgomery, G.O.C. the Eighth Army, enjoyed a little relaxation at a concert given by the N.Z. Army entertainment unit. General Montgomery was made a General and a K.C.B. last November for distinguished services in the field

can produce a fair imitation of hell on any dead still night, with the never-ceasing racket of those tree insects, the frogs, the crickets and the jackal beauty chorus, to help you to go to sleep. But, of course, the black-out order was absolutely necessary, for these cities are peaches in the way of targets.

The native quarters of most Indian cities are very inflammable and just about as tricky as is Tokyo in that respect, for although there are many strongly-built houses, there are always the inevitable bustees, or groups of flimsy huts. I note in this connection that heavy rain is holding up land operations in the advance into Burma. Rain at Christmas-time is not entirely unknown in Lower Bengal, but, as a rule, the cold weather is bright and cloudless. That Arakan coast and on south-east into Burma is one of the permanently damp spots in the

world. Anyone who knows it cannot envy any troops condemned to fight in it. Roads, conspicuous mainly by their absence; jungle, dense; unpleasant animals and snakes most numerous, and latter mostly poisonous.

My private scout in the land where there ain't no Ten Commandments says that these Jap planes which have attacked Calcutta were not deemed to have been from an aircraft-carrier, because the enemy does not now consider that the Bay of Bengal is a very healthy cruising-ground. This tallies with some other "inf." So, these attacks must have been land-based on Burma or from some spot on the Arakan coast. The Jap nests will not remain there much longer, and they may even find it desirable to go out of everywhere this side of Formosa as quickly as they know how. The Red Light is burning bright.



Macintyre of H.M.S. Scylla

The story of how the cruiser Scylla, commanded by Captain I. A. P. Macintyre, R.N., pursued and sank a large enemy merchant ship in the Bay of Biscay was told recently on the Scylla's return to port



H.M.S. Thrasher Returns to Port

When the submarine Thrasher returned home after a patrol of 40,000 miles, with 40,000 tons of enemy shipping destroyed, Petty Officer T. W. Gould, V.C., was photographed with the submarine's commander, Lieut. H. S. Mackenzie, D.S.O. Awards to the officers and crew of the Thrasher include two V.C.s, one D.S.O., six D.S.M.s, two D.S.C.s and thirteen mentions in despatches

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Family Life

"THE PEMBROKE PAPERS": Letters and Diaries of Henry, Tenth Earl of Pembroke and his Circle. Edited by Lord Herbert (Cape; 21s.), give a delightful picture of the life of an English aristocratic family in the eighteenth century. In so far as one dare call anyone "typical," this Lord Pembroke and his heir, George, Lord Herbert, appear to have been typical of their caste and time. We tend to base our idea of any period on what we know of its outstanding, dynamic or unusual personalities, forgetting that such people were, to some degree, always sports, deviations from the more usual type. Thus, we may come to think of the past as peopled almost exclusively by heroes, masterful statesmen, brilliant talkers, littérateurs, fatal beauties or villains in a big way. But we must not fail to remember those generations who lived to the full, in their own way and quite often in a big way, without leaving their mark on history or literature. Such people impressed themselves on their own age, and, more, gave it much of its character. The higher their rank, the greater their wealth and power, the more, inevitably, this was so.

The *Pembroke Papers* are records of just the kind we should desire to have. From a mass of papers discovered in a cellar at Wilton, Lord Herbert has made a judicious choice. We thus have a view of the English Milord when the day of the English Milord was at its height. The great house (in this case, Wilton), the rolling lands, horses, music, travel, politics, pictures, the London beau monde, wild oats, sage marriages, infidelities, reunions, advice to sons... Exalted, if unexceptional, people had an unexceptionally good time. They also, I may say, worried. There appears to have been no century in which the English peer did not consider the country was going to the dogs.

Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke, born 1734, was the only child of his father, the "Architect Earl." Having built the Palladian Bridge across the Nadder at Wilton, the ninth Lord Pembroke increased in strength, and not only laid the foundation-stone, but supervised the building of old Westminster Bridge. Henry spent his childhood at Wilton, went to a private school at Wandsworth (from which his nine-year-old letters are written), then to Eton. He succeeded his father at the age of sixteen. In 1751, as a very young earl, with two tutors, he was sent on the Grand Tour, generously financed. Returning in 1755, he set himself to build a large house in Whitehall, on the site of his father's more old-fashioned residence. In 1756, he married the nineteen-year-old Lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter of Charles, third Duke of Marlborough. In 1759, their son, George, Lord Herbert, was born.

Lord Pembroke began well. He became Lord

Lieutenant of Wiltshire, Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, a major in the 1st Foot Guards, and, in 1758, A.D.C. to the King. Having transferred to the Cavalry, he saw service abroad, and produced a short treatise on military horsemanship. But in 1762 he went off the rails: he eloped with a Miss Kitty Hunter. The affair was not at all well seen by his friends, who thought highly of young Lady Pembroke's beauty, sweetness and dignity, and nothing much of Miss Hunter—a hoyden type, from her portrait. Horace Walpole, in several letters, takes a severe line.

Next Generation

Miss HUNTER gave birth to a son, whom they christened Augustus, and who received the surname of Reebkomp (an anagram of Pembroke). The affair soon afterwards closed; the Pembrokes were reconciled; Miss Hunter was pensioned off. Augustus grew up to a career in the Navy (from which, in 1796, he was "discharged dead") and to a good-natured relationship with his half-brother George. He protested against his grotesque surname, but made do with a very modest allowance, and gave little trouble except when he lost his clothes. . . . Later romantic rumours, from Venice and elsewhere, as to Lord Pembroke's conduct were ignored by his wife. It was in 1773 that her second child, Lady Charlotte Herbert, was born.

As young George, Lord Herbert, grows older, much of the interest of *The Pembroke Papers* shifts to him. Though lively, he appears to



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have been a more sensitive character than his father. The portrait of him, painted in Rome, shows his mother's eyes and delicacy of feature. After leaving Harrow (his mother showed a decided prejudice against Eton, as she did against Italy), he, in his turn, was, in 1775, sent off on the Grand Tour, also with two tutors—the Rev. William Coxe and Captain John Floyd. The high point of *The Pembroke Papers* is, to my mind, the series of letters exchanged between Lady Pembroke and Mr. Coxe on the subject of the upbringing of the young man. She (for instance) writes:

Tho' I am ambitious most unreasonably for him, & wish him to have every possible perfection, yet my first and most ardent wish is, that he shou'd be a good man, good not only from Religion, which I would wish him as an additional strength, & happiness, but that from his own feelings, he shou'd be sensible of the infinite pleasure of making others happy, and be almost (or if I may, I will say quite) an enthusiast for Virtue, which will support him at moments when the plausible language of libertinism may in some respects raise his doubts.

Lord Pembroke also weighs in with his own ideas, and lays out a set of rules for the journey. George's father shows himself mellowed by middle age: he now thinks highly of objets d'art and sets store by old friends, basoons and horses. "Can you get me no Bassoon solos?" he writes, to Italy. Of an heiress (to be on view in Rome) he utters the warning: "She is not rich enough, and nothing, tout de bon, can save us but your taking to an opulent one." And: "Vous avez beau dire," he says in another letter, "there is no going through life without a dog."

(Concluded on page 88)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THE other day, after, let me add, a really necessary journey, I

found myself in a famous cathedral city. Having a pre-war mind, I was desirous of sending a picture-postcard to a friend who appreciates our beautiful old towns. I went into at least six shops and came out with nothing. True, there were any number of postcards for sale, but invariably they represented Mr. Winston Churchill or aeroplanes. Now, I am a little tired of Mr. Churchill as a picture, while aeroplanes, even after some intensive study of their types, invariably, at the supreme moment, dissolve themselves entirely into "ours" or "theirs."

Thus, once again, the fact was brought home to me that my point of view is definitely between-wars. Otherwise I should, of course, have no difficulty in solving the problems which daily beset me. I could gaily, for example, make a pudding without eggs, milk, fruit or fat. I would, conscience-stricken, turn away from a railway booking-office when faced by that awful question: "Is your journey really necessary?" even though inclination had led me, after due preparation, thus far on my travels. I might even be able to defy the lure of a warm bed in preference to a patriotically empty grate, since a hair-shirt which doesn't scratch is no test of spiritual heroism. I should linger as long as I might around a stationary tank, instead of pausing, as I still do, to admire an old building or a lovely view. I should be reading books on modern war strategy, instead of trying, when I am allowed, to forget the war altogether;

also that always senseless question: "How do you think it's going?" which one ignoramus is never tired of asking another ignoramus.

Briefly, I should not have been so mentally out-of-date as to wish to send a picture of the local cathedral, when I could so easily have posted a picture of a Spitfire, or Mr. Churchill with a cigar. And, indeed, I know it! Almost daily I have to pass by serried ranks of unusable elderlies who, any fine afternoon, sit and chirrup to each other in the public park for hours on end. I pass them by hurriedly, in fear lest, persuaded once to sit down, I might irrevocably become one of them!

So I am determined to become completely contemporary. I will sit in five inches of bath-water and think of sailors. Desiring passionately to have a fire "in," I will content myself with the possibility that I may have to put a fire "out." I will seek inner satisfaction concerning that mystery cut of meat which tastes as if it had fallen off a boot, by the thought that it must somehow, in equal mystery, be doing me good. I will refuse to use the last of my clothing coupons simply because they are there and in a few days will be entirely useless. In fact, I will try my best to be total-war-minded and find content therein. Especially will I thrust back into the subconscious the horrid thought that everyday life is not so much a grim affair as rather a painfully unfunny burlesque: the scenery of which, however, retains its beauty, and some of the artists, especially the small-part players, are superb.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Dawborn — Royal

2nd Officer R. Dawborn, Merchant Navy, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Dawborn, of Latchmere Road, Kingston, married Lillian Royal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Royal, of Burnham Drive, Worcester Park, at St. Philip's Church, Worcester Park



Crawford — Sprot

Lieut.-Col. H. N. Crawford, M.B.E., Royal Signals, son of Mrs. Crawford, of Wayside, St. Andrews, and Philippa Marie Sprot, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hereward Sprot, of Strathie, Fife, and St. John's, Wolsingham, were married at Christ Church, Sutton



Sheppard — Hawkins

Captain John David Sheppard, K.S.L.I., elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Sheppard, of St. Martin's Corner, Blackheath, Guildford, married Maria Victoria Hawkins, youngest daughter of the late C. H. Hawkins, and Mrs. Hawkins, of Sweethaws Grange, Crowborough, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Drew — Lambert

Arthur Drew, son of the late Arthur Drew, and Mrs. Drew, of 41, Ennerdale Road, Kew, married Rachel Anna Lambert, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lambert, of 16, Onslow Court, S.W., and Dernaslygan, Co. Galway, at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road



Leonard — Swann

2nd Lieut. Graham Douglas Leonard, Oxford and Bucks. L.I., son of the Rev. Douglas and Mrs. Leonard, of Sheerness, and Vivien Priscilla Swann, daughter of the late M. B. R. Swann, and Mrs. S. C. Roberts, of Cambridge, were married at St. Benet's, Cambridge



Campbell — Adderley

S/Ldr. A. Colin P. Campbell, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Campbell, of 88, Craiglea Drive, Edinburgh, married Elisabeth Joan Adderley, daughter of Major and Mrs. Hubert Adderley, of Lound Hall, Lowestoft, at St. John's, Holland Road, Kensington



Hay — Kilduff

Dr. Hugh R. C. Hay, M.B., Ch.B., third son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Hay, of Brownhill, Ayrshire, and Eileen Ann Kilduff, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alban Kilduff, of West View, Barrow-in-Furness, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place



Sladen — Wilson

Captain Anthony Edward Lambart Sladen, R.A., only son of Major and Mrs. A. G. Lambart Sladen, of Horsenden Manor, Princes Risborough, married Margaret Mary Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. B. Wilson, of 12, Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W., at St. Stephen's, Hampstead



Farquhar — Mitchell

Captain John Wentworth Farquhar, R.N., youngest son of the late Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar, and Lady Farquhar, of Acheron, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, married Betty Helen Mitchell, daughter of J. P. Mitchell, of Manor, Saskatchewan, and the late Mrs. Mitchell, at Savoy Chapel

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 74)

Chancellor and Lady Simon, the Brazilian Ambassador, the Mexican Minister, Mr. Hugh Dalton (President of the Board of Trade), Captain Harold Balfour (Under-Secretary of State for Air), Admiral Sir John Cunningham and General Sir Arthur Smith, G.O.C., London District.

One of the most interesting of the younger people present was the Prince de Ligne, who had recently escaped from Belgium, and whose father, as Belgian Minister at The Hague during the last war, had done so much for exchanged and interned British prisoners of war. Another escapee was Lieut. Lammert, R.A.A.V.R., who had escaped from China, and his pretty wife, whom he met for the first time on his arrival in Australia, and married after a whirlwind courtship.

Amongst interesting women present were Lady Maud Baillie, in the uniform of a Controller of the A.T.S., Lady Liddell, wife of Sir Clive Liddell, the ex-Governor of Gibraltar, and Lady Moore, the attractive wife of Colonel Sir Thomas Moore, M.P. Sir Harry Luke, ex-Governor of the Fiji Islands, who has recently returned to this country from the Solomon Islands, was present, as were Sir John and Lady Wardlaw-Milne, Sir Gifford and Lady Fox, Lord Denham and Mr. Hore-Belisha, who was, as usual, the centre of an interested crowd. A pretty Australian was Mrs. Robertson-Aikman, and another attractive person was Mrs. Phyllis Lee. Among others present were Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, the Solicitor-General, and Lady Maxwell Fyfe.

Mother of Invention

NECESSITY has always been the primary inspiration of creative art. For portrait painters, one of the great difficulties of war is the shortage of essential materials. One well-known painter, Professor A. Lengyel, has solved the problem by developing a hitherto unknown talent for miniature painting. The sensitivity of his brush and the delicacy of his colouring give a lifelike likeness, and the finished work is so small it goes easily into a handbag or breast-pocket—an ideal arrangement in wartime, when cumbersome possessions are likely to prove more a liability than an asset. Professor Lengyel is a Professor of the Hungarian Academy of Art and a friend of the late Philip de László. His portraits are well known in this country, in the U.S.A. and all over Europe. Amongst other notabilities painted by him are the Countess of Cadogan, Mrs. Thomas Clyde, niece of the late Duke of Wellington; Lady Mary Berry, the Earl of Brecknock's only daughter; H.E. the Nepalese Minister, H.E. the Rev. Luttore and Father A. Fellner (both of H.H. the Pope's retinue), Queen Geraldine of Albania and her son, the Crown Prince. His latest work, which is now nearing completion, is a portrait of Joe Davis, billiards champion of England.

Round and About Town

DANCING at the May Fair with Lord Selsdon, who was in town for a few days' leave, was Miss Betty Greenish, and with them Flight Lieut. John Frame Thompson and Mrs. Sue Weldon. Lord Warwick was in the same party. Another accomplished dancer was Lord Grantley, who seldom sits one out. Others who afterwards joined Lord Selsdon's party included those two inseparable racing drivers, nineteen-stone Charles Follott and ten-stone George Leek, now Managing-Director of that famous firm Lea-Francis, whose racing cars used literally to turn up Brooklands in those far-off gold-star days of "before the war."

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 86)

Lord Pembroke was anxious that George and his entourage should keep down expenses as far as possible—he had, no doubt, forgotten the scale of those bankers' orders that marked his own youthful progress around the Continent. He insisted that George should meet (as George did in time) his great friends in Naples, Sir William and Lady Hamilton—this being the first Lady Hamilton, not the more famous Emma.

The tour, though almost fantastically extensive—it included St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Amsterdam and the Low Countries, various German cities, as well as the monuments of France and Italy—did not always run very smoothly. Muffish and scholarly Mr. Coxe did not get on at all well with exuberant and sometimes coarse Captain Floyd, and George (or so, at least, Mr. Coxe claimed) could not tolerate Captain Floyd, either. Letters home about all this worried the Embroses a good deal. In addition, England was at war with France, and Captain Floyd kept insisting that he ought to return to join his regiment. This, in time, infected George, who also held a commission and generally travelled in uniform. Mr. Coxe worried because he could not get on with his book on Petrarch, and feared he might miss preferment in the Church. Lord Pembroke, in spite of all representations, remained adamant on the subject of George's "seeing everything." Finally, George is let off Spain and Portugal, on condition that he gives his solemn word to return to "do" them at the first opportunity.

The tour is pictured in Mr. Coxe's letters and George's meticulous diary. The young man liked scenery better than monuments. He bore up about failing to meet Voltaire (who, at eighty-two, found one more young English lord just too many), but was annoyed at missing a major eruption of Vesuvius. In each European capital he found favour. At St. Petersburg, Catherine the Great was gracious; in Vienna, Sir Robert Keith showed him the town. . . . This Grand Tour part of *The Pembroke Papers* gives diverting views of different cities and courts. Meanwhile, Lord and Lady Pembroke's letters to George abroad supply the war news, the political background and, best of all, a view of the family life at Wilton, Brighton and London in those years.

On the eve of crossing the French frontier (in March 1780), George writes: "Not being able to wear my Uniform in an Enemy's Country, I was obliged to take into serious consideration my dress, which, after much reflection, I settled should be mourning. . . ." That this dress question should have been the sole inconvenience in pleasure travel about an enemy country strikes one. The fact was that, in those days, the great families formed an international society that the passing rudeness of war could hardly disturb. In France, as everywhere else, George's introductions held good. Not only did he have an excellent time in Paris and enjoy sport in the surrounding forests, but he was entertained by French officers, who freely took him to see their fortifications.

Freedom

"**A**ND Now TOMORROW" (Collins; 8s. 6d.) comes to us from the pen of Miss Rachel Field, well known since her *All This, and Heaven Too*. Unhappily, we shall have nothing more from her: she died just after completing this last novel.

In *And Now Tomorrow*, the heroine, Emily Blair, has to free herself from many constraints—the more dangerous from being dear to her heart—before she can go to meet her true destiny. She is the elder daughter of a well-to-do, mill-owning New England family. Blartown, the scene of the story, is divided by a both real and symbolic river, that runs between the green lawns and big houses of the prosperous quarter, and the smoky forbiddingness of the mills and the workers' streets. Emily's own mother had crossed the river on marriage: she had been a Polish mill-girl. Labour trouble, increasing in the course of the story, disturbs the comfort of the Blair home, and Emily is penetrated by an uneasy feeling that the workers may, not impossibly, be in the right.

But her personal troubles loom larger than social conscience. She has become engaged to a handsome, if somewhat unstable, young man, when she is stricken with deafness, after meningitis. Her engagement has to drag on while she tries out cure after cure. Meanwhile, will Harry's love stand the test? Emily's pretty, unscrupulous younger sister, Janice, is always about the place. To Emily's rescue comes a rather grim young doctor, son of a mill-hand family, who tells her home truths, but finds a cure for her deafness. She must, he suggests to her, break with the past and its ties if she is to get anything genuine out of life. At the end, we leave Emily ready to take this step. . . . At the start, I found *And Now Tomorrow* a little slow, but the novel gains power as it goes on.

Time: the Past

MRS. AGATHA CHRISTIE's production-rate is up to the present exemplary British standard. And her *Five Little Pigs* (Crime Club, Collins; 8s.) is full value. Hercule Poirot is asked to investigate a murder that happened sixteen years ago, with a view to clearing the character of the convicted woman. He traces, and interviews, the five principal witnesses. All five accounts of the unhappy Mrs. Crake differ profoundly. We have here, therefore, the elements of an absorbing novel, as well as tense mystery holding to the last page.



The New Year Ball Committee

The ball is to be held at the Dorchester on January 16th. At the committee meeting were: Mrs. W. G. Corfield, Lady Victor Paget, Sir Patrick Hannon, M.P., Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Mrs. Simon Marks, the Countess of Jersey, Miss Livingston and Mr. Hurst

Haig



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

Extremely neat and practical in every detail is the tweed coat on the right. It may be seen at Simpsons, Piccadilly, where it is accompanied by many variations of the same theme. As will be seen, the armholes are roomy, hence the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. A new note is struck by the tie bows on the square pockets; the turn-over Peter Pan collar is worthy of note. A feature is made of models which share the salient features of the coat and dress. The latter are rather more decorative than the former; nevertheless all elaboration is eliminated. The odd short tweed coat is seen in many guises and, of course, the "odd skirt" has a section all to itself. Simpsons have opened hairdressing salons especially for women in the Services, the work being carried out with the utmost expedition



It is universally acknowledged that every woman looks her best in furs. Molho, 5, Duke Street, Manchester Square, is making a feature of pleasantly priced wraps which wear remarkably well. The abbreviated coat above is carried out in snow lamb and is, of course, primarily destined for the younger woman. The model on the right is of nutria, and there are others of a rather different character in natural opossum and silver fox. In the early part of last year this firm opened on the ground floor salons for hats, the prevailing prices of which are moderate and the models distinctive. They are endowed with just that something which is so flattering. Touches of cheerful colours are introduced which may be varied from time to time. Veils have an important part to play



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Ovaltine
THE WORLD'S
BEST NIGHT-CAP

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THIS N.C.O. was dealing with a particularly raw batch of recruits and was feeling pretty desperate. Even the simplest orders, given slowly and clearly, had failed to register.

Then he had an idea. He went round the corner of the barracks, and returned a moment later, leading the regimental mascot—a sheepdog.

"There you are, boy," he said, patting the dog on the head. "See what you can do with them!"

FROM "Peterborough's" column in the *Daily Telegraph* comes the following bright little yarn:

A schoolboy was told to write an essay on King Alfred without mentioning the episode of the burnt cakes. His effort read as follows:

"King Alfred went into a woman's cottage. I regret that owing presumably to food rationing restrictions I am not allowed to say what happened after that."

THIS visiting minister, after a very cold drive, arrived a few minutes before Evensong at an out-of-the-way church to find a steaming hot whisky toddy thoughtfully left for him in the vestry. Without touching it, however, he proceeded to robe himself and called for the verger.

"My friend," he said, beaming at his would-be benefactor, "I appreciate your kindness and thoughtfulness in providing for me a hot drink that would appear to be a—er—a stimulant. But I must gratefully decline for three reasons. In the first place I am a lifelong teetotaller; secondly, I am making temperance the subject of my sermon this evening; and thirdly, I've had one already."

AGIRL once sent her photo to a beauty competition, and she received a reply saying that if she had the number of the van that ran over her face, and the name of the driver, they would go fully into the matter.

ATEACHER was explaining to her class the meaning of the word "collision."

"A collision," she said, "occurs when two bodies come together unexpectedly." She pointed to one child. "Now, then, give me an example of a 'collision'."

"Please, miss—twins," came the reply.

THIS head of the house came downstairs to breakfast. He looked hard at his wife and then at his son.

"That boy has taken money from my pocket," he stormed.

"Henry!" exclaimed his wife, "how can you say that? Why, it might have been me."

"No, my dear," he replied, quietly, "it wasn't you. There was some left."

TWO explorers, bearded and soiled, met in the wilderness, and crouched over a fire of brushwood.

Said the first: "I came out here because the urge to travel was in my blood. The drabness of towns irked me, and the ever-present smell of petrol sickened my rebellious heart. I wanted to see the sun rise over mysterious horizons, hear the scared flutter of birds hitherto strangers to human footsteps, leave my footprints on sands unmarked before I came along, see Nature in the raw and share the primitive wilderness. Why did you come out here?"

Said the second: "My daughter is learning the violin!"

TWO men were having a drink together, and became confidential on the subject of their wives.

"Mine is developing a very bad habit," said the first in a worried voice, "she keeps talking to herself."

"My wife does the same," remarked the other casually, "but she thinks I'm listening."

TWO novelists were chatting together.

"You know," said one, "the plot of the first novel comes easily. It's the second one that is more difficult. Where did you get the plot of your second novel?"

"From the film version of the first," replied the second writer.



"Which came first, the bird or the egg?"

THE old lag stood before the magistrate, who boomed,

"What's the matter with you? Can't you behove yourself for one week? You've been before this at least thirty times. You've been charged with drunkenness, shoplifting, burglary, assault, and now are accused of wife-beating. What have you to say?"

"Your worship," declared the prisoner, "nobody perfect in this world."

"**D**ARLING," murmured the wife, "if I were to do would you marry again?"

"That's hardly a fair question, my dear," replied her husband.

"Why not?"

"Well, if I were to say yes you wouldn't like it, to say never again wouldn't sound nice."

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EYES RIGHT

Let's see

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Aristocracy

BETWEEN the flying officers who fly, and the flying officers who do not fly; as between the squadron leaders who lead squadrons and the squadron leaders who do not lead squadrons, as well as between the pilot officers who are pilots and the pilot officers who are not pilots, a gulf is fixed. And it seems to me to be right that the flying side (by which, in contradistinction to indications of the Air Ministry titles, I mean the side which flies) should feel and be superior to the side which does not fly. It always has been so and—so long as the rank titles are the same—it always should be so. The airman who goes into the air, whether he be of commissioned rank or merely what the Air Ministry chooses (weirdly) to call an "airman," ought to have a higher prestige than the groundsmen. For he takes the greater risks and exercises the more critical (not necessarily the greater) skill. Ideally there should be mutual trust and mutual respect between the flying side or rather between the operational flying side and the ground side. Actually, there does appear to be among the operational personnel, something akin to indifference to the non-operational personnel. There is, as someone put it the other day, a sort of aristocracy of air-crew members. They keep somewhat aloof from other members of their own Service. It was just the same in 1914-18, though the ground personnel then were not, perhaps, so rigidly excluded from the inner circles of operational personnel as they now appear to be.

Recording Officers

IN those remote days we had recording officers and not adjutants in the squadrons. Often they were officers who had been blown up in the trenches and who were no longer fit for infantry service. We, of the operational flying side, used to get on well with them for we recognised that it took at least as much courage to stick it in the trenches as to mix it in the air. In fact, there were numerous slightly "off-white" jokes about how much more pleasant it was to be in the flying units than in the infantry units. We admired the infantry officer

as being a man who had to take risks which were nearly as great as those we took, and who had the added trial of continuous discomfort. That kind of sympathy between groundsmen and airmen is reduced a little because the Royal Air Force, being separated from the other Services, cannot take in for administrative duties the invalidated officers from the infantry. It has to create non-flying and non-pilot officers to do these ground duties. Often they are men of the highest abilities and of the greatest merit. It is not their fault that they are saddled with titles which are misrepresentative. But it does lead to a widening of the gulf between them and the air-going airmen. There has always been some slight differentiation, and I suppose there always will be. But, as I have said, it used not to be so marked as it is now. Senior Royal Air Force officers sometimes not only fail to discourage the differentiation, but positively encourage it. It should be their duty to make the operational flying personnel appreciate the work of the ground personnel and to make the ground personnel worthy of that appreciation. I would like to see here some improvement in the existing conditions.

Spitfire Controversy

MOST of those who have followed the whole course of events from the beginning, were delighted to see Sir Robert McLean, in his letter to *The Times* of January 6, reminding people of the work of the pilot who had done the early test flying with the Spitfire. This was Captain J. (Mutt) Summers. Through a misunderstanding, some of the credit had been given to another pilot, himself of great renown. It is a curious thing that the Spitfire, the more people recognise its exceptional merits, becomes the centre of increasingly sharp controversy.



R. D. Stuart

Engaged

Mr. Peter Gough, R.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Gough, of Haddon House, Woodstock, is to marry Miss Daphne Mary Banks, eldest daughter of Mr. Leslie Banks, the well-known actor, and Mrs. Banks

There was first of all the attempt to take from Lord Londonderry the credit having been the Secretary of State for Air who had borne the responsibility at the time the putting in hand of the Spitfire. Lord Londonderry as an inspection of the relevant dates in any authoritative work will show, was the man who took the prime responsibility for the adoption by the Royal Air Force of the Spitfire, and, indeed, of the eight fighter. Why on earth there were attempts to take from him his just due in this matter I do not know; but I was very sorry to see them. Lord Londonderry, in that earlier era of packed pacifism, incurred the displeasure of many people because he was trying to bring up the Royal Air Force on both the fighting and bombing sides.

Operational Commanders

AN interesting note was provided the other day in one of the Sunday papers about the desirability of an operation commander for night bombing raids. The point was well argued, but it did not—so my friend in the Service tell me—take into account the technical problems involved. It is these, and not the absence of the desire to have an operation commander flying with the aircraft, that have prevented the introduction of appropriate measures. I think that few people have not been at an operational station during a bomber raid, have any conception of the complexity of the work. To cancel an attack when once it has been wound up and many of the aircraft are in air, is a matter of greatest difficulty.

Obviously, however, it would be an advantage to have a single commander who could call off an operation if there were bad weather or too much aircraft fire, or any other reason likely to make it advisable.

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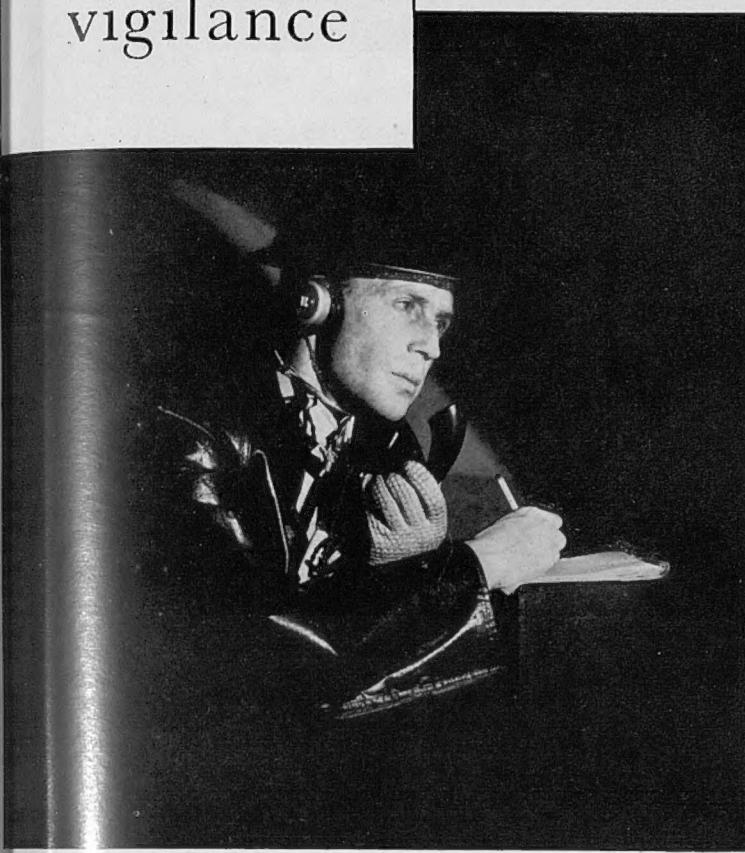
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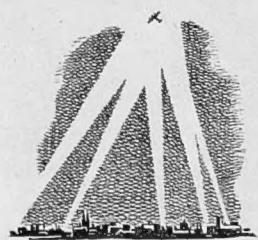
This vigilance



His eyes, his ears keep watch on the skies of Britain. *The* eyes must not falter, *these* ears must not grow dull—they are the vital faculties of our defence. We can't all be in the anti-aircraft services. But we can all bring this vigilance to our own wartime tasks. This is the spirit that is always ready—to defend and attack. The spirit that wins through—to victory.

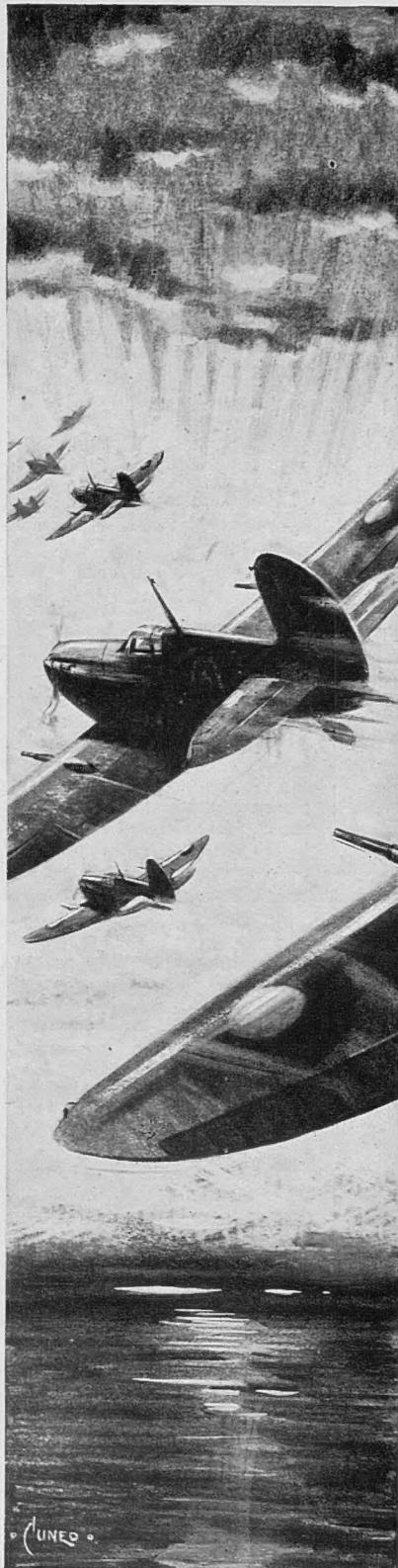
This is the spirit we must all cultivate to-day. So that in the years of peace to come our children will look back and wonder :

"But for their vigilance . . . ?"



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still MORE.

* * * *

Until this glorious consummation is achieved, we on the civilian front cannot pause or relax. However hard we work, however much we deny ourselves, however much we save from our earnings, our best must be counted short of our needs until Victory is in our grasp. . . . Are you sure that you are saying ENOUGH?



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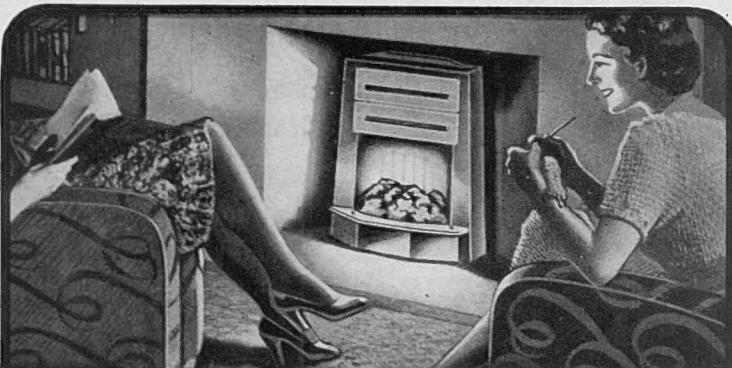
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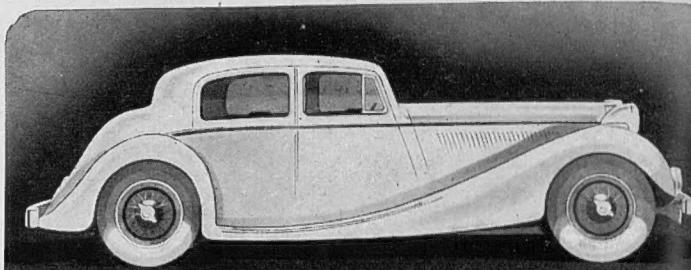
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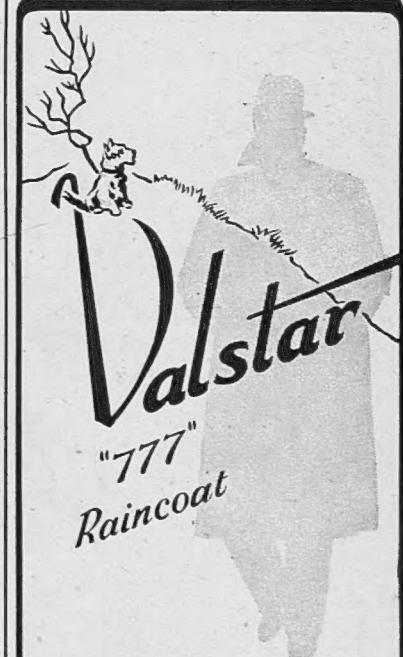


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